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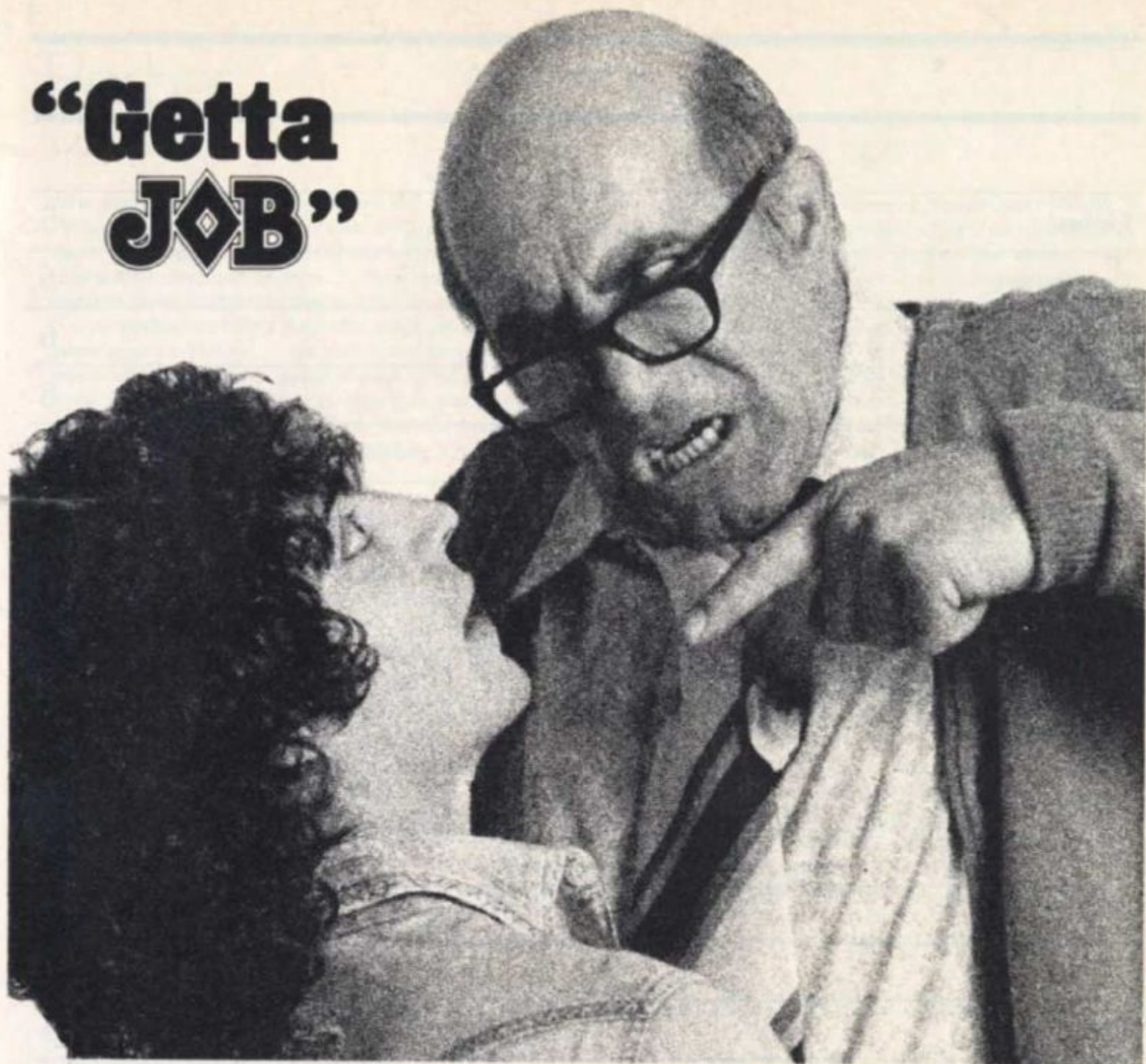
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Contents

Flashes		5
Contributors		5
Letters		6
Forum		8
Interview		10
Nine Tons of Pot	by Rod De Remer	14
Hemp Paper Reconsidered	by Jack Frazier	17
Terra II	by Timothy Leary	23
Tantric Yoga: The Art of Sexual Union		26
News		28
Health		36
Law		38
Records		41
Movies		43
Books		45
Cuisine		46
Other Scenes	by John Wilcock	47
Trans-High Market Quotations		49



High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

Summer Issue * VOL 1 * No. 1 * High Times is published quarterly by the Trans-High Corporation * Entire contents copyright © 1974 by Trans-High Corporation * Subscriptions: 12 issues for \$10 (United States and Canada), Foreign subscriptions 12 issues for \$12 (by slow boat), Airmail to South America, West Indies and Caribbean \$17, Europe \$22, Africa, Asia, and Middle East \$27 * All mail must be sent to High Times, Box 386,

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Flashes

New psychedelic pills and powders are rumored on the horizon, going under such names as "space dust," "UFO," "Comet dust" and others. As with all psychedelics, know your dealer. STP still appearing around, and perhaps coming back into vogue . . . quaalude market has dropped considerably . . . speed and heroin markets are dying, while methadone continues to grow . . . Feds estimate they get probably 10% of incoming pot, and they're probably right . . . monster loads that get busted are the tip of the iceberg . . . pot so widespread now that enforcement nearly impossible . . . occasional bust by a narc who can't get the hard drug people . . . 8 tons of pot said to be sitting in an abandoned warehouse in Tampa . . . it seems the people who own it aren't about to go back there . . . National Guard was reportedly called out to guard the 25-30 tons busted at Christmastime in Florida, and they reportedly used a Ringling Bros. tent to house it. They burned it as quick as possible to avoid a commando heist that was rumored . . . Columbia very hot with narcs . . . pot war in Jamaica has resulted in fields being burned, less availability . . . hash oil glutting the market, but an excellent buy . . . hashish a bad buy per dollar by comparison to top grass . . . some mescaline available . . . LSD getting much better.

Fed task force on stopping smugglers has reportedly moved office to Gainesville. \$5 fine on grass is now law again in Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti . . . same in Oregon . . . lots of new books on dope and a few on dealing out these days, but few worth reading . . . a lot of bullshit is coming from the publishers . . . the occasional articles in the Village Voice by "R" are excellently written from a layman's point-of-view, however . . . check them out . . . reportedly more marijuana busts in NYC since new harsh anti-hard drug law took effect, although law supposedly did not affect marijuana . . . California Marijuana Initiative failure to get enough signatures to get on ballot a blow to legalization, but movement stronger than ever . . . National Organization to Reform Marijuana Laws (NORML) becoming more and more effective although quite straightish . . . Amorphia (other major legalization group) having financial problems, but their Acapulco Gold papers much improved, especially the rice papers . . . a big glut of rolling papers, many of them ridiculous . . . whatever happened to electric hash pipes? . . .

With a lot of narcs becoming dealers, and dealers becoming narcs, one begins to ask what they have in common, a question High Times will try to answer next issue . . . meanwhile, some of the best highs are not from drugs but from far out books, records, movies, and various mental disciplines, from yoga to bio-feedback . . . speaking of bio-feedback, the defense in the Sunshine LSD Trial in San Francisco was that they weren't making LSD, but ALS-52, a legal drug which generates calm and tranquil alpha waves, instead of the tense beta waves produced by LSD . . . but the jury didn't believe that . . . a chemical wholesaler of raw chemicals used by illicit labs in making LSD has been busted in California, and has been forced to rat out his customers, resulting in much confusion and hasty departures in about 20 LSD labs there . . .

Contributors

Jack Frazier—Jack Frazier lives in the bayou country outside New Orleans and collects rare 78 rpm race music records. He is the founder of Atlantis Distributing Co., a major dealer in underground comics, magazines and newspapers.

David Michaels—is currently a consultant with Amorphia, the non-profit marijuana legalization organization. A graduate of Columbia College and Cornell Law School, he acted as Attorney for criminal and drug matters at the Woodstock Music and Art Festival in August, 1969. He is Chairman of the New York State Bar Association Subcommittee on Narcotics and Drug Use. The views he

expresses in the *High Times* are his personal views, not those of any organization.

Timothy Leary—currently at Vacaville Prison, California, is busy spending the time given him by the government profitably turning out new articles and short books, among which are *Confessions of A Hope Fiend*, *Curse of the Oval Room* (High Times Press), *Neurologique*, and *Terra II*.

John Wilcock—The elder statesman of the underground press, John has spent many years traveling the wide world. He now calls London home. From there he ventures to write *Nomad*, "the irregular travel newsletter of John and Amber Wilcock." Founder of the

Village Voice, *Oz*, the Underground Press Syndicate, and the *East Village Other*, he also served as editor of the *Los Angeles Free Press*. His "Other Scenes" will appear regularly in *High Times*.

Rod De Remer—Currently living in the active Gainesville area, Rod De Remer began his career with several local Florida dailies. One amusing recollection he has of these days is watching sheriffs and deputies from several towns being lined up for their pictures beside a huge mound of confiscated pot. A former writer for the now-defunct *Daily Planet* in Miami, Rod is now *High Times* correspondent from the Northern Florida region.

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Letters

Dear High Times,

For years I have been haunting the specialty shops and boutiques in the D.C. metropolitan area, searching for a slick magazine or tabloid to satisfy what I never considered an unusual taste for good writing on the dope and pleasure scene. In almost every case, the shop was rife with either esoteric guides to unspeakable bliss or cartoon juvenalia that eventually rots the brain. I could never find a magazine with an even handed un-cute sense of journalism. While in New York recently, a friend gave me a brochure on your new magazine and it sounds tremendous. Why not an article on the potent South American coffees that can get you higher than cocaine and still be a food? Love,

Jeannie Potter
Silver Springs, Maryland

Dear High Times,

Spring is the best time for *High Times*. But of course so is every season. And now this spring we have you to help us in the great flat midwest. Since we heard through the grapevine of your imminent debut, we have been waiting to scan those pages you are probably now mulling over before the last sprint to the printers. Hurry your blessed little asses and bring some high time to us. Thanx,

Susan Carpenter
Lawrence, Kansas

High Times,

At least two times a year I journey from Los Angeles to Istanbul, via Tokyo and Hong Kong. I began this pilgrimage for the first time in 1967, after my graduation from UCLA. Of course, I needn't tell you the fantastic scenes I have encountered; it would be very hard to have nothing outlandish happen to you in such exotic locales.

A few weeks ago, a friend of mine who had been to New York to exhibit his silver wares at the National Boutique Show, told me he had spoken to folks from a new magazine called *High Times* that was soon to be published. I

have to admit, reading does not normally excite me. However, this idea sounded on target.

What I would like to know is if you are interested in receiving a journal of my upcoming three month adventure. By this time, I have established excellent contacts in the right places, and would like to share my times with *High Times*. I would mail you weekly accounts. Please reply as soon as possible. Love and best wishes.

Ron Di Paolo
Arcadia, Cal.

Dear High Times,

The Sixties have come and gone, and now the Seventies have begun, bearing the fruit of all that seed. Some blessed, some profane. But the best fruit of all is the new open attitudes toward the notion of attaining non-addictive alternative states of consciousness. Music, art, literature, drugs and innovation combining to accelerate the evolution of man into the alpha transcendence that is his inner goal. At *High Times* may you remain free from obstruction to explore the alternating within us all. Bless you.

Daniel Benwelt, ph.d.
Garden City, N.Y.

Dear High Times,

I've grown weary of other friends telling me that there is no alternative to *Rolling Stone*, *Atlantic Monthly*, or *National Enquirer*. And when *National Star* hit the stands, I almost took a shot at Jimmy the stand manager. It was the very afternoon I first saw the *Star* that I was informed of *High Times*. I took to the idea immediately. Just perfect. I'll be looking for you.

Lillian Mandello
New Canaan, Conn.

High Times,

Back around Christmas, I had my chart done for the first time. At twenty-nine I am no astronomy enthusiast at all, but I had some free time on my

hands and a friend who is very into the stars offered to do my chart. Well, '74 is supposed to be a good year for me, a high year, full of change and expanding visions. I am looking at the world around me and I really don't see that in store for me just yet. But I am counting on *High Times* to be the avatar of my new life. Artists and activists who win you, not convert you. In '74 I would like to see *High Times* fit this category of sorts and always remain a good time for all.

Robert Crantneller
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear High Times,

good times / bad times / you know
I've had my share / my woman left
home / and I'm by my self / but I
really don't seem to care (led zeppelin)
high times / our times / I wish they'd
never end / that is a dream / dreamer

Lana Tallycross
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear High Times,

Here in northern Florida, high times are a way of life, and a business. I am hoping that you have as many eyes down here as are needed. Good Luck and I'll be reading you.

John David Tidmore
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Ed,

I finished all those phony letters to the editor for the first issue of *High Times*. I must say, it was the most degrading \$50 I've ever earned. I'll see you when you get here next month. Love.

Bob Guccione Jr.
London, England.



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Forum

The *High Times* Forum is intended as a potpourri of topics, a vehicle to air those questions that come via our many highs. Because it will be shaped by your inquiries it will bear witness to your curiosity. Be they chemical or theological, social or comical, they are part of high times. And we will leave no stone unturned in an attempt to answer these questions.

Because we have no reader queries for our first issue, we have decided to explore some of the topics that have been getting a workout around the office. We think they are characteristic of the type of question *High Times* Forum will handle.

Q. A lot of folks are talking about "laughing gas" and its unusual high. Is this gas safe and what sort of high do you get? How can it be obtained?

A. Laughing gas is actually nitrous oxide, a colorless tasteless gas discovered by Priestley in 1772 and now used as a general anesthetic. Remember the gas that put you under at the dentist's office. That was nitrous oxide, called "laughing gas" by medical wags who discovered its unmedical potential.

Mixed with oxygen and inhaled for 2-3 minutes, it produces a dreamy, painless stupor. Such notables as Charles Baudelaire and Sigmund Freud used laughing gas to induce trance-like states. However the last few years have seen a rise in its popularity among avant garde heads because of its good high. The balloon is the favorite method of inhalation. It is filled with gas, held to the mouth and sucked until a high is achieved. The high is very loose and easy, very uncomplicated. The head becomes light, almost airy, and the body becomes relaxed. It is a very social high and it is suggested that a party be in progress at inhalation time.

The legal status of nitrous oxide is murky and users usually get it from someone who has a connection to a medical supply house or bottled gas company that doesn't ask too many questions and is willing to rent cylinders. A dentist is a good source con-

tact. Have a good story prepared. Tell him that you need the gas for a science project or research. The cylinders themselves come in a variety of sizes, from light, portable numbers, to large furniture-sized 50 pounders. The supply house usually demands a deposit that will be returned when the cylinder is.

Q. A lot more folks seem headed to bars and clubs these weekend nights. It also seems that more friends who used to eschew alcohol now drink hard liquors like scotch, tequila or vodka. Are people renouncing dope smoking and laying back for the ways of earlier generation? Has grass become passe?

A. Marijuana has not lost its appeal. In fact, recent federal research indicates that pot has never been more popular. However, grass aficionados who at one time scorned alcohol as un-hip are now realizing the many varieties of tastes and heads that fine liquors can offer. Instead of limiting their appreciation to marijuana, wise hedonists are savoring the entire gamut of delights. By frequenting local bars, restaurants and clubs, they stay aware of the ongoing changes in lifestyles and tastes that move the world. Life must be tasted from every angle in order to be fully known.

Q. Whenever it becomes time to score some grass, it becomes necessary to bone up on the import scene. This can be frustrating. How much difference is there between the imports and why do prices have such a wide spread?

A. A little knowledge goes a long way, especially when prospecting for a good buy. The prices may seem high and a dealer's rap about grades of grass can become confusing, but when you investigate the qualitative differences involved and the hassles it took to get that weed to your living room, it is easier to make accommodations.

The grass market, like any other, works on a supply and demand basis, and more or less establishes its own

price structure. Quality smoke is in demand today more and more; connoisseurs are going beyond inferior domestic and low-grade imports. Most people now place Colombian at the top, with Jamaican and Mexican placing two and three, respectively. This, however, does not mean that super weed is not sometimes produced in those two areas. Consider Jamaican gunj for example.

Prices usually conform to this hierarchy, with Colombian being the most expensive.

This is contingent upon several factors. First it is more difficult to transport pot from Colombia to the States than it is from Jamaica or Mexico. So price reflects the cost of transport.

Also different pots have different heads. Ultimate potency depends on several variables, such as the richness of the growing soil, its care, and the altitude of the crop. Pot grown at higher altitudes allows for more mobility and creativity. On the other hand, grass originating in fields below sea level tend to be more "narcotic." Current research indicates that certain unidentified molecules and isomers bear on the effect of the weed in the human metabolism, and that altitude and soil do indeed cause pot to vary in effect.

Colombian farmers are well known for the care they give their crops, and the Colombian soil is extremely rich. Jamaican soil is also rich, but Jamaican farmers are less thorough in method and more inclined to trust in fate. Mexican farmers are somewhat notorious for their ability to pillage soil in order to raise one or two dynamite batches and then move on. Some experts claim an ability to tell the very valley from which a weed has originated by its appearance and taste.

Tops and buds retain more THC than leaves and the darker the grass the better its quality is likely to be. Columbian tops are an unqualified high, well worth the cost. Also, the less seeds in the batch the better. It means more smoke and less hassle. You may have to pay more but it's worth it.

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Recollections of a Lady Dealer

Though not yet a commonplace, more women dealers are emerging in the 70's. Lynne is typical of the lady dealer's candor and assertiveness. She has been dealing in earnest for three years. As she herself says, "I do everything in earnest." A lithe 25 year-old photography consultant for a major New York magazine, Lynne has been making her own decisions since she dropped out of NYU to do freelance photography and "anything else I felt challenged by." Her introduction to large-scale dealing came when she lived with Terry, another former NYU student. They eventually separated and Lynne began her own trade. She claims it provides her as a woman with "the direct stimulation school and work seem to lack." Extremely quick and animated, she gestured her way through the interview conducted by High Times at her colorful West Village apartment.

HT: What were you doing when Terry was dealing. I mean did he make enough for you to lay back?

L: I had my job with the magazine and I kept that. I was also doing some oil painting.

HT: Those on the wall?

L: Some of those, yes, but mostly pretty uninspiring stuff. Actually photography was the only thing that interested me at the time. So, I didn't want to leave it. I continued to do most of my work at home and was able to stay around Terry. His business was really jumping when we moved together.

HT: You were doing some dealing of your own even then weren't you?

L: If you could call it that. I would sell a few ounces here and there to folks I knew around the village, maybe a bit to friends from Connecticut. You know, I'd buy a half-pound, sell six ounces and keep two for myself. Petty, but I stayed high.

"I would sell a few ounces here and there to folks I knew around the village . . ."



"I could only play the passive old lady bit to a certain point; after that I was determined to strike out alone."

HT: That's how you met Terry and his crowd, right?

L: Right. That's how it is with affinity groups. There are just so many of them and eventually you meet a whole huge circle of acquaintances. Well, I met Terry at a common friend's apartment. He was there to sell this friend a pound of grass. There were five of us and we all got destroyed on his dope. It was a month before Woodstock and Terry asked me to go up with him.

HT: And you did?

L: No. I went with two people from Connecticut. But I met him up there and ended up coming back with him. Two months later we moved uptown.

HT: Business was really picking up then?

L: Yep. It seems that the Woodstock Nation had found us. Terry began cashing in on connections he had made at White Lake.

HT: How much was Terry making by then?

L: That was about the winter of '70, so he was making about a grand and a half a week.

HT: Nice.

L: Sure, but our relationship was going zip. By that summer I had made up my mind to leave. It was strictly personal, no business hassles. We had . . .

HT: Was there any indication that he was beating people?

L: I was about to get to that. We had received a few strange calls that frightened me, but I put no stock in them. At that point we were well off so I was able to travel a lot. I hadn't heard any overt remarks about his dealing. But it seemed he was out of town more and more. I mean I could only play the passive old lady bit to a certain point; after that I was determined to strike out alone.

HT: When did you decide to deal on a large scale?

L: Just after we broke up. By then his

friends were my friends. After I moved back to the Village, they would come to me and talk about what was going down. At first I was too involved with the magazine to pick up on the opportunity. But then I began hanging around Tuck and his people and saw just how much I could score weight for.

HT: Any problems at first.

L: Tremendous. The people I had met through Terry were still somewhat loyal to him, even though he soon split for California. And then of course they weren't convinced I could turn the goods. That problem arose when I began asking for some front. Even dealers I had known for a long time were unsure I could get them a return.

HT: They were uptight about cutting out an old customer, too, I guess. Terry was there first.

L: Well, yes. But then you only get so many chances. He had been advised to clean up his act, but he didn't. After a while, they felt no loyalty to him. I could do the same amount with less hassle. One less jive middleman.

HT: How did he react?

L: After a few months, he came back from Frisco and saw what was happening and, well, he let it slide. After all, we had built up the business together. We still deal with each other and are friendly to this day. But, he came downtown one night and pushed his way into the apartment and threw a few punches at me.

HT: How did you react?

L: Well I thought that was pretty fucked up. I told him that his own greed had fucked him up, that I had left him because he was still too macho for me, that he hadn't mellowed with age.

HT: Was his macho attitude so bad.

L: No worse than what I meet dealing today.

HT: Have you gotten accustomed to it?

L: Not really. I feel as if I'm a sort of education for these dudes. I haven't changed for them. I'm still open and honest and give the best deals. Being a woman should be secondary.

HT: But I'm sure it isn't always that way. You must have found being a woman an advantage or disadvantage.

L: A little bit of both. For example, a chick gets a lot less hassle when she passes through an airport. There is a certain amount of attention given, but not the same as would be given to male freaks. Also, a chick can adjust her appearance easily.

HT: What?

L: A woman can assume many more disguises than a man. A few touches of makeup here or there can make you a different person. Myself, I can be as much a glam kitten as a country chicken. It's all a matter of presentation. I try to get a lowdown on the people I'm about to meet so I can make subtle variations of my theme to relate to them.

HT: Here's where your artistic background comes in handy.

L: Exactly. I can usually be myself but appear sexy or plain according to need. A question of presentation, I'd say.

HT: As a woman dealer, though, don't you find yourself compromising yourself to swing a deal.

L: What rubbish! Listen I like to ball and if I can get laid while doing a deal, that is if I want to, I do it. It's not a rule of thumb, of course, but when

"If I can get laid while doing a deal . . . I do it. . . . When you have to give tastes to a man and it's just the two of you getting stoned, the chances are you may end up spending the night."

you have to give tastes to a man and it's just the two of you getting stoned, the chances are you may end up spending the night.

HT: But don't they expect some special favor after that or try to get into your act.

L: Some do. But by now most customers know that I keep my sex and my money pretty distant. In fact, I prefer guys who are into something other than dealing. The pressure is off me then, so we can relate on another level other than dealing.

HT: But you just said that dealing can introduce you to men you like to ball.

L: Right, but with some conditions. They have to know up front that I already give good prices and that my body isn't something that when pleased will cause the price to fall.

HT: But don't you use your appeal to swing deals.

L: A salesperson uses all the legitimate means available. I can turn on charm as much as any other sex kitten and when I have to I do. But then it never goes farther than I want it to.

HT: Did you run into problems getting yourself a name as a reputable dealer.

L: That was another way being a woman was a help rather than a hindrance. I realize that I'm attractive and that became a sort of trademark. Some of my original turnover was guys who had known me from my days with Terry and had always wanted to hit on me. Others were eager to show their old ladies that they could deal with a woman and stay uninvolved.

HT: But as your volume got greater wasn't it easier to maneuver without sex?

L: Sure.

HT: Have you ever had to use sex as a way to swing something? What I mean is that it is sometimes necessary to go beyond simple charm and perform for a result.

L: I suppose women are always performing even though they don't admit it. You would have to be absolutely incompetent as a female not to realize that most men want your ass and that the way you look and the way you dress will affect your success. There are degrees of performance and like I said before I usually ball only when I'm genuinely interested in a guy, or for that matter another chick. But back to the question. Yes, I have had to "perform" to get a result. It has made me money and kept me cool with the law.

HT: How?

L: Well, I'll begin with the money-maker. I had flown to Florida to arrange a score for some Colombian and I was staying with another dealer and his old lady. She was an old acquaintance from New York and we had always been close. Well, it seems that the guy was interested in being more than friends. He was necessary for the contact and I had to keep him happy. So one night while she was in Miami we went out to a couple of bars in Gainesville and got pretty plastered. When we came back home to his house he began to come on rather heavily. He began to say that I would have to do him if I wanted any deals. I thought as quickly as I could and decided that it had to be done. He was good-looking so it wasn't a chore. And he was a good lay too. But I still felt a bit uneasy about his wife. After I got back to New York, I found that they had broken up. Later, I met her in a club here and told her what happened. She said she understood how some things are necessary for girls in business. Then she really floored me. She admitted that she had wanted me too

and was actually sorry that we couldn't have made it a trio.

HT: Do you still see her?

L: Yes. She's done the same thing as me; she's started dealing in Los Angeles. Small amounts though, the biggest she turns is about a pound. We did finally get it together, and now everything is cool. We're closer than ever.

HT: Excellent. But what about keeping cool with the law?

L: I don't care to talk about that, really. It isn't a pleasant memory. Unlike having to fuck a few guys to turn a deal this isn't something I can laugh about. It doesn't fit under the category of excusable.

HT: Then why did you do it?

L: Sheer fucking necessity. There have been several occasions when I have

"Yes, I have had to 'perform' to get a result. It has made me money and kept me cool with the law."

been able to turn a man's head around to get him dazzled so he can't see what I'm doing. This wasn't one. I was at an apartment uptown on the west side and was tying up a deal for fifteen pounds of Jamaican. I had just put the money in my shoulder bag when the door was shoved in by a pneumatic hammer. It seems that the cops had these guys figured for major dealers. Funny when you consider what happened next. They took the guys out to the squad car, but kept me behind. I had a feeling something nasty was up.

HT: Why didn't you split?

L: How could I? There were three detectives in this small apartment and a suitcase full of weed on the table. I was on my way to dinner and was pretty dressed up and looking spiffy in a skirt and all. When they asked me to stay behind and answer some questions I was afraid of being sent up for the night if I acted to suspicious of their motives.

HT: Which were?

L: The oldest detective started calling me honey and putting his hand on my shoulder. Luckily, they never asked to

see my purse, just my i.d. They probably didn't tie me in as more than a buyer. In any case, they saw a chance to take advantage of what they saw as a frightened girl. Little did they know I wanted to avoid arrest for a big reason. The i.d. was fake, so I was cool in that regard. However, the detective began to ask me if I was sleeping with any of the guys they had taken downstairs. When I told him no, he and another detective, a younger, better-looking cat about thirty, started to ask me if I would be cooperative. You know, they were getting hard-ons just looking at me. I guess it's lonely at the barracks or something.

HT: I wouldn't know.

L: And I didn't want to. So, when the second detective suggested we could arrange a deal and began to stroke my hair, I said I would do anything. By that time the third detective had closed the door and come over. I took off my blouse and let them feel my breasts for a few minutes. Then they all unzipped their flies and took out their cocks. That was it. I blew all three of them and let the older one eat me. It was horribly degrading. I had to imagine that I was thousands of miles away and with someone else.

HT: Did they let you go.

L: Yes. They were honest, at least. They just let me walk away from the place. In fact, they were easy on the guys in the apartment. They only charged them with possession of a pound. No one knows what happened to the rest of the weed.

HT: Nothing like that has ever happened again?

L: No, thank God.

HT: I suppose that you have had other close calls. Even if they weren't so degrading?

L: Oh, lots. But only a few that were any different for my being a woman than if I were a man. Right now, I'm turning about thirty pounds a week and at that point risks become actually more a question of someone else's foul-up than yours. My only problems have been trusting someone who had no faith in me because I'm a girl and they can't relate to that.

HT: Even at this stage of your game?

L: Funny, huh? I mean after three years these people can't come to grips with the almost basic codes of dealing. Those codes tell you that to judge someone by sex is jive. Essentially, dealing embodies a lot of rigid ethics.

The best dealers I've met appreciate my sex but leave that until we're through with the money riff.

HT: You said something before about macho attitudes in dealing.

L: Right. There is something inherent in the undercover aspect of dealing that turns some guys on. I mean, I get into it, too. But it also turns some of them into their own version of G. Gordon Liddy or James Bond, to use a better analogy. They think that dealing is all balls and super-charged come on. If they work with me they find that notion is deflatable, so to speak.

HT: Will you continue dealing?

L: Oh, I anticipate dealing for about another year. Right now, I'm into a man who is experimenting with video tape and together we may put our energy into developing that medium.

"They think that dealing is all balls and super-charged come on. If they work with me, they find that notion is deflatable, so to speak."

HT: Will you miss dealing?

L: Oh, I imagine I'll miss some of the excitement. I can remember being at a party one Halloween nite when the law decided to make a swoop as they call it. Only thing is they were pretty obvious about the move. It was in Connecticut and someone saw them assembling and put two and two together. We were tipped off by phone just as the cops knocked on the door. Well, we all scrambled for the fire escape. I was dressed in a full witches costume I had made and looked pretty weird hauling ass down that escape. The cops forgot to put a cover on the back, so four of us jumped into a car, I think it was a Dodge Charger, and left the place behind. What other business could you sit in a Dodge with a turkey, a pirate, a vampire and witch running away from the law with four pounds of weed in your lap?

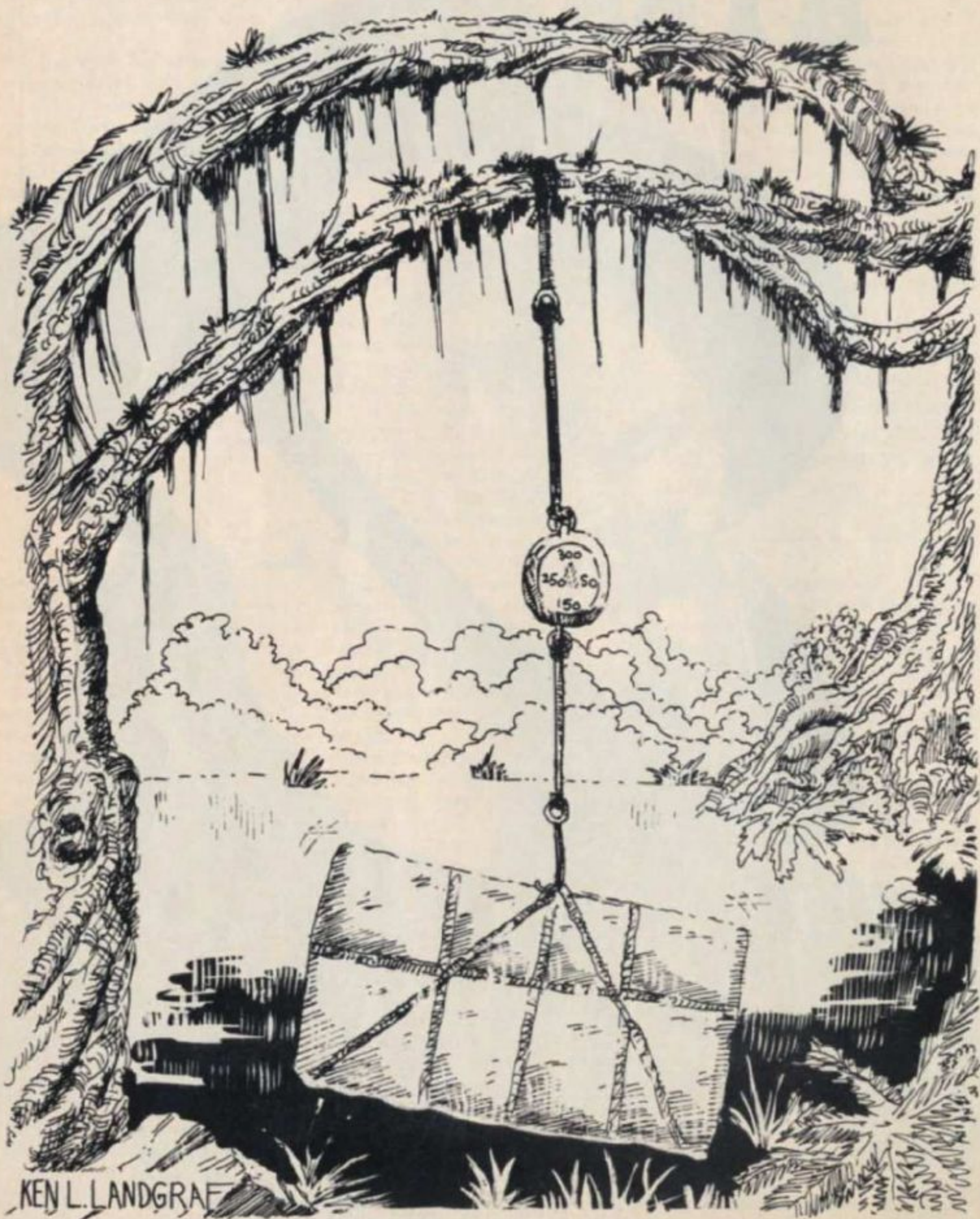
HT: Good business for a woman?

L: As good as any other. And when it's done right, it's a hell of a lot more real than sitting at a desk and taking orders from some dude. I'm on my own.



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KEN L. LANDGRAF

9 TONS OF POT

Seven Men and a Barge Test Florida Justice

by Rod De Remer

Regular newspaper readers probably remember that spectacular bust last year of a barge with nine tons of pot aboard. It was the first in a series of setbacks for major dealers.

So what happened to the poor bastards whose boats were loaded to the gunwales with Jamaican and whose heads were loaded with lush green visions of profit?

A few weeks ago, they were tried in the same courtroom where, a few weeks earlier, the Gainesville Eight had been acquitted.

The Gainesville Eight were Vietnam Veterans Against The War who were charged by the federal government with conspiracy to commit violence at the Republican Convention in Miami.

But there was a clear contrast at this trial to that of the Gainesville Eight. There was little publicity and even less sympathy for the defendants.

The "Steinhatchee Seven" were just pot smugglers.

Maybe four or five years ago people could rally around pot as a politically unifying force. Certainly the nine tons the Steinhatchee Seven were accused of trying to import would make an impressive rallying point. "Alright, everybody," shouts the movement leader, "we're gonna dance around this pile of pot and nobody, not the pigs, not our parents, nobody is gonna take it!" However, it has always been the ideal, the freedom to smoke pot (unfortunately not included by our shortsighted forefather in the Bill of Rights) and not the actual physical substance itself that has been defended. When a group of dudes are playing around with more than nine tons of the stuff they're after the big cabbage — man, they're in business. A high-risk, lucrative business to be sure. No, there weren't many who rallied to the cause and shouted, "Free the Steinhatchee Seven."

The Steinhatchee Seven are: Barry



"Alright, everybody," shouts the movement leader, "we're gonna dance around this pile of pot and nobody, not the pigs, not our parents, nobody is gonna take it!"



"The best the Seven could muster was a well known attorney, Percy Foreman, who has defended the likes of Candy Mossler and James Earl Ray."

Korn, 23, David Strongosky, 23, Michael J. Knight, 23, Richard Ericus, 22, and Steven Lab, 20, all from the St. Petersburg area; Floyd Capo, 40, from Cross City, and James Maslanka, 24, from Gainesville.

What they have been convicted of doing is attempting to bring nine-and-a-half tons of Jamaican bush up the small West Florida waterway called Rocky Creek on a barge owned by Capo and then to disburse it at Florida wholesale prices in effect during the spring of the year. Of course, no one is ever convicted of selling nefarious drugs at wholesale prices. No siree, the commonly quoted figure in the press, so often supplied by the prosecution, was that four-and-one-half million hard-earned American dollars would fetch that barge-load to the backdoor of your garage or warehouse or where ever else you could cram that much bush. Roughly, the breakdown is somewhere around \$245 a pound. Must be some sort of government subsidized farm program. (Not content with that overblown figure, the Independent Florida Alligator, the University of Florida student newspaper, used a \$9-million figure reportedly obtained from a Steinhatchee narcotics official.)

But the lack of a defensible cause was not the only contrast to be drawn between the Gainesville Eight and the Steinhatchee Seven. In the government's political hatchet job attempted on its war veterans, it was the defendants, at least some of them, who were famous personalities and even heroes to many Americans. The best the Seven could muster was a well known attorney, Percy Foreman, who has defended the likes of Candy Mossler and James Earl Ray.

Foreman did present a commanding figure to the courtroom observers and, to some extent, the participants. However, one important participant did

not seem overly impressed. US District Judge David L. Middlebrooks, while never tagged as a hanging judge, is not a man anyone would pick to pass judgement upon eternal soul were there a prohibition against drug usage in order to rise heavenward, with a key to the golden gates. No, Judge Middlebrooks does not look favorably upon those who sell, use or even think about drugs.

The Foreman-Middlebrooks clash came early in the trial when Foreman attempted to tell the judge how things are done in most of the federal courts he has practiced in. Middlebrooks leveled his eye at Foreman and shot back, "You're going to follow the rules in effect in this court Mr. Foreman, and if you don't like it you can go to New Orleans on appeal!" (New Orleans is the seat of the 5th Judicial Court of Appeal.)

Percy Foreman was not enough. He was not enough even though none of the defendants were caught with that mound of weed on Capo's barge run-ground on a sand bar that popped up in the middle of the creek. Not only that, but mild-mannered youthful Robert Crongeyer, assistant US attorney from Pensacola, admitted from the beginning of the government's case that the evidence was circumstantial.

That circumstantial evidence, he promised the jury in his opening remarks, would "weave a web of circumstances that must fall over all of these defendants."

That "web," consisting of the testimony of more than 40 witnesses, would flash on such strong points as the statement that defendants "looked like they had been rolling in hay." There isn't that much hay in the Steinhatchee-Cross City region, about 135 miles north of St. Petersburg and around 70 from here. No, those people up there mostly fish and sell mobile homes. Six young dudes with long hair, head bands and other assorted oddities just stuck out like a sore thumb when they were riding around with Floyd Capo on March 4. Seems like everyone they passed took special notice of them.

Floyd Capo sat in the courtroom, in a line behind the defense table facing the jury. He sat there with the others, but didn't really fit in. Capo is 40 years old, a little portly and graying on top. Unlike his fellow defendants he wore no tie to the proceedings

"Every little weekly newspaper in the surrounding area carried bad Polaroids of the local heroes under very large headlines."



"On the south shore . . . was a campsite with even more croker-sacks with the grassy substance in them scales, like Southern moss, hung from the trees."

and, once, yielding to an instinct most people refrain from in such formal surroundings, he removed his shoe and gave his big toe a good scratch.

Other parts of that "web" that eventually closed in upon the heads of the Seven were the Jamaican plane ticket in Maslanka's pocket when the blue Eldorado he was driving near Cross City was pulled over. There was more testimony about the distinctive sound of Capo's boat, which evidently everyone in those parts could identify. Two fishermen out on the Gulf the night of March 4 heard the boat making runs from offshore up into the Creek from 1 a.m. until dawn. But the topper was finding that barge. And nearby that, on the south shore of Rocky Creek Landing, was a campsite with even more croker-sacks with that grassy substance in them scales, like Southern moss, hung from the trees.

What a time those small county sheriff's had posing in front of all that marijuana. The following week every little weekly newspaper in the surrounding area carried bad Polaroids of the local heroes under very large headlines. About all the defense could throw back at the jury was that the seven had been illegally arrested, still what they hang their hopes of an appeal upon, and the testimony of character witness John Carroll. Carroll, however, proved less effective in court here than he used to back in the old days in the Southwest when he would surprise bad men and women wearing a mask and carving Z's with his sword.

Carroll is the actor who portrayed Zorro on television and said he was prepared to make movie stars of two of the defendants.

He may have to wait. Because the strongest contrast that could be drawn between the Gainesville Eight case and the Steinhatchee Seven trial was done so by the jury who found all seven guilty of the four counts against them.

Maximum penalty is five years on each count but Middlebrooks, in a magnanimous show of leniency, announced he would not sentence any of the seven to more than 15 years. They got 20 years each.

So if things seemed to get a little tight this past summer, a little dry, maybe you watched your own plants and wondered why it took so long to grow the stuff. If that's the case give a little thought to the Steinhatchee Seven who face a very long, dry stretch.

"Now this (hemp) is the finest fiber known to mankind, my God, if you ever have a shirt made of it, your grandchildren would never wear it out. You take Polish families. We used to see marijuana in the yards of Polish families. We'd go in and start to tear it up and the man came out with his shotgun, yelling 'These are my clothes for next winter.'"—Harry Anslinger, Commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.



Hemp Paper Reconsidered

By Jack Frazier

Hemp (*cannabis sativa*) was one of the first crops to be planted by the early American colonists. Their knowledge and use of the plant, however, started much earlier. The ships which they sailed from Europe were rigged with hemp rope and hemp or flax sailcloth. Many wore hempen britches and coarse clothing from hemp fabric. And in all probability their land grants, sailing orders, and maps were inscribed on hemp/flax paper made from discarded cordage and rags.

The word paper comes from the Latin word *papyrus*, but the paper our ancestors knew was a substance totally different from both ancient *papyrus* and modern woodpulp. It was a mixture of flax and hemp, or a composition made from one of the substances. This was true for the first 1750 years of paper-

making, until a little over a 100 years ago, when a new synthetic paper was developed from chemically treated woodpulp.

According to a generally accepted tradition, the first paper was made by the Chinese in the first century A.D. The inventor was Ts'ai Lun, from the province of Hunan, north of Canton. The oldest documents written on paper and found by archeologists are in the British Museum. They are Buddhist texts from the 2nd and 3rd Centuries A.D. These and other manuscript rolls, some with Sanskrit characters, have been analyzed by Dr. Weiner of Vienna. His study showed that they were a mixture of bark, and old rags, principally hemp.

After keeping the art to themselves for 500 years, Chinese papermaking

spread to Japan and Korea in the east, and to Persia and Arabia in the west. It reached Korea in 600 A.D. and Bagdad in 793 A.D. Four hundred years went by before Europeans picked up papermaking from the Arabs. The first western paper-mill was built in Spain in 1150 A.D. by the Moors, the second was built in Italy in 1276. The art of papermaking finally reached England in 1494.

Some scholars attribute the illiteracy and "flat world" science of Western Europe to the late development of papermaking and book printing. No doubt this is true, but by the 16th century hemp had become such an integral part of European culture some were wondering how they could possibly function without it. Francois Rabelais (1490-1553) devoted eight pages to the

mighty hemp plant in his classic *The Histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel*: "Without it, how could water be drawn from the well? What would scribes, copiests, secretaries, and writers do without it? Would not official documents and rent rolls disappear? Would not the noble art of printing perish?"

William Thompson points out, in his provocative book *At The Edge Of History*, that "industry runs on paper as much as on coal, and if English mercantile society had no means of producing and controlling the vast amounts of information commerce generates, the Industrial Revolution would never have happened."

HEMP, FLAX AND PAPERMAKING IN NEW ENGLAND

Hemp and flax had to compete with tobacco from the very first days of colonial agriculture. The tobacco smoking craze was sweeping Europe at the same time the early colonists were trying to establish an economic base. Tobacco, because it was less bulky in proportion to its value, proved to be the most remunerative crop the colonists could grow. Some of the colonial families actually came close to starvation due to their dependency on tobacco and their failure to grow grain, vegetable and fiber crops. The fact that tobacco was inedible, unwearable, unrecyclable, and soil-depleting made it even more of a curse.

To counteract the tendency of the colonists to be one crop oriented, the



A relief on Egyptian pyramid depicting boatbuilder using hempen rope to secure a beam.

Parliament of England and the colonial governments placed bounties on hemp and flax to encourage their production. The bounties were paid all during the 1600's and even during the pre-revolutionary period, primarily as a means to encourage fiber production for British shipping. In 1762, Virginia not only rewarded those who grew hemp, but also imposed penalties upon those who did not produce it.

The colonists were never able to grow enough flax and hemp for British shipping needs, but by 1690 a sufficient supply was produced to take care of the home market. Once this surplus had been created, one of the first manufacturing industries to be established was papermills.

By the early 1700's, both the flax and hemp industries were thriving and

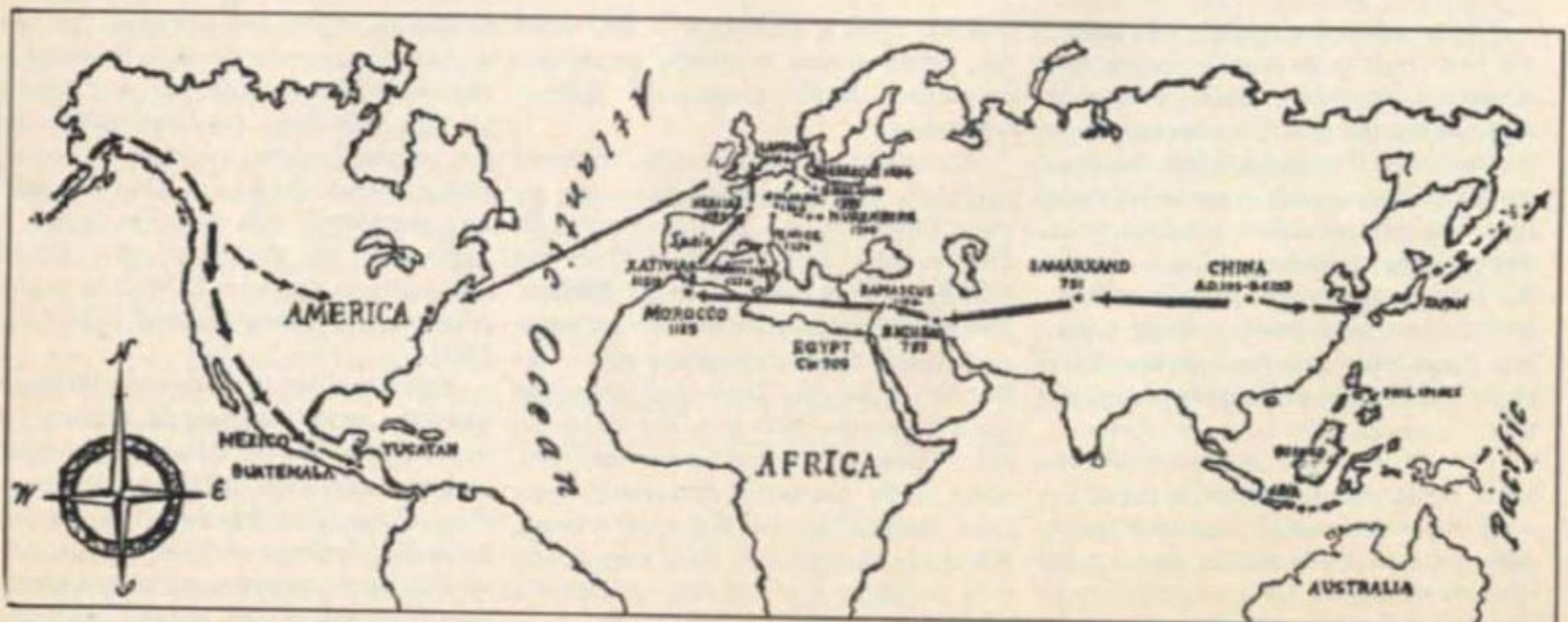
several more papermills were built. One of the people instrumental in getting these mills in operation was Benjamin Franklin.

Remember, many colonists were refugees from state and church controlled monarchies, where freedom of the press was unheard of. Their foresight in starting papermills and presses was rewarded later when the Revolutionary war with England broke out. The colonists were able to aid their cause immensely because they had a healthy people's press. As a result, the works of revolutionaries like Thomas Paine could be read by most of the literate population.

THE FIRST RECYCLED PAPER

In a very real sense, paper-making in New England was made possible by the widespread use of hemp and flax clothing and the availability of discarded underwear, dresses, britches, shirts, rope and sailcloth. Paper in those days was made from 100% recycled material. Flax, hemp, and later cotton was turned into canvas; then, after it was threadbare and no longer servicable, it was recycled into paper. This was our only source of paper for the first two hundred years of our history. Our forefathers and foremothers were much too thrifty to throw anything away.

George Washington, our first president, was both a hemp farmer and a patron of the early paper industry. Washington also recorded his hemp farming exploits in his diary. His entries in the spring and summer of 1765



Map shows westward spread of hemp papermaking from China to Europe and thence to North America. Hemp papermaking process also spread eastward to Japan, across the Bering Straits and down to South America.



I B 2 F
Pictic tribeswoman draped in hempen garb. Note moon and star symbols on breast and belly, applied with primitive paints.

should be of interest to the hemp farmers of today:

May 12-13, 1765: "Sowed Hemp at Muddy hole by swamp."

August 7, 1765: "...began to separate (sic) the male from the female Hemp at Do rather to late."

Most hemp historians have assumed that Washington was trying to raise a superior marijuana crop by separating the male and female before pollination had taken place. This may be true. Another possibility is that he was trying to harvest the male plants while they were still tender and would make good linen, since both hemp and flax can be used for linen manufacture if they are harvested at the right time and prepared properly.

Thomas Jefferson too was an early disciple of hemp culture. A 1811 entry in *Jefferson's Garden Book* reveals the special attention hemp received: "An acre of the best ground for hemp, is to



Hemp seeds remnants found in this Fifth Century B.C. Scythian copper censer suggest hemp smoking was known by the Scythians of ancient times.

be selected, & sown in hemp & to be kept for a permanent hemp patch."

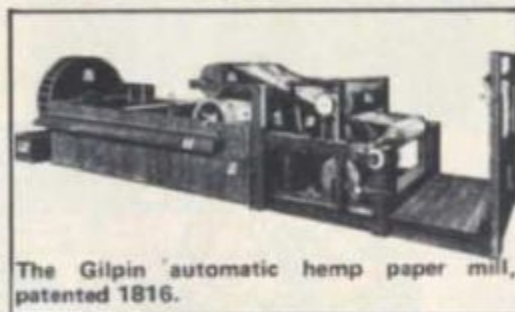
WOODPULP PAPER AND WASTE

After the Civil War, the sulfite woodpulp process began to replace hemp paper. This process made woodpulp useable for many grades of paper, and by 1900 all newspapers and most books and magazines were printed on woodpulp paper. The new, cheap, throwaway paper fit in perfectly with a growing, dynamic, disposable economy. The era of the "wastemakers" had arrived.

But while cheap woodpulp was a blessing to newspapers, it was a curse to book publishers and libraries. Books began to deteriorate at an alarming rate after the introduction of woodpulp paper. A Library of Congress study found that "while the paper in volumes three or four hundred years old is still strong ... ninety-seven percent of the

books of non-fiction printed between 1900 and 1939 will be useable for less than fifty years."

But hemp is scarce and costly and is rarely used alone. The highest qualities of India paper, however, consist mainly of hemp. The resistance to tearing and folding of papers made from simple cellulose is due in part to the length of the fibres. Of all the fibres mentioned hemp is the longest, and therefore the



The Gilpin automatic hemp paper mill, patented 1816.

strongest. Bible makers and printers of paper money have always known this, so they use hemp whenever possible.

1916—HEMP RECONSIDERED

After cotton replaced flax and hemp as the major fibre crop, and woodpulp replaced rag paper, both of these once essential crops began to decline. Some rag paper continued to be made for "important" uses such as paper money, Bibles, and cigarette papers, but for books and newspapers it had become too expensive.

It was in the early 1900's, during World War I, when the Federal government first became concerned about the rapidly dwindling timber supply, and started shopping around for alternate sources of paper. The Department of Agriculture was asked to solve the problem. In 1916, Lyster Dewey, Botanist in charge of Fibre-Plant Investigations, and Jason Merrill, Paper-Plant Chemist published *Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 404*. It was a research project to determine the feasibility of using *Hemp Hurds As Paper Making Material*.

Dewey and Merrill came to some startling conclusions about both hemp and our timber supply: "There seems to be little doubt that the present wood supply can not withstand indefinitely the demands placed upon it, and with increasing scarcity economy in the use of wood will become imperative. This effect is already apparent in many wood using industries. . . Our forests are being cut three times as fast as they grow. . . In view of these conditions it is advisable to investigate the paper-making value of

the more promising plant materials before a critical situation arises."

Now, fifty years later, the "critical situation" is here.

Dewey and Merrill made several batches of paper, using different processing methods; then they ran strength tests, finish and folding tests, and cost analysis comparisons between woodpulp paper and hemp-hurds paper. Not surprisingly, they found the "general character and tests of these papers correspond very closely with No. 1 machine finish paper, according to the specifications of the United States Government Printing Office. . ."

They found that to grow hemp for fibre and paper made far more ecological sense than using the same land for woodpulp production. "The most important point derived from this calculation is in regard to areas required for a sustained supply which are in the ratio of 4 to 1"—in favor of hemp. "Every tract of 10,000 acres which is devoted to hemp raising year by year is equivalent to a sustained pulp-producing capacity of 40,500 acres of average pulp-wood lands."

At the time this study was done, the authors were confident hemp would continue to be grown in these United States. They concluded that "without a doubt, hemp will continue to be one of



the staple agricultural crops of the United States. The wholesale destruction of the supply by fire, as frequently happens in the case of wood, is precluded by the very nature of the hemp-raising industry. Since only one year's growth can be harvested annually the supply is not endangered by the pernicious practice of overcropping, which has contributed so much to the present

high and increasing cost of pulp wood. The permanency of the supply of hemp seems assured."

Dewey and Merrill were not alone in that belief. As late as 1938 there were



A hemp harvest in the American south before the prohibition of cannabis in 1937.

people working to revive the sagging hemp industry. The February, 1938, issue of *Popular Mechanics* featured an article on hemp, with the heading: "New Billion Dollar Crop." The reason for excitement was the invention of a new machine. The article began, "American farmers are promised a new cash crop with an annual value of several hundred million dollars, all because a machine has been invented which solves a problem more than 6,000 years old. . . The machine which makes this possible is designed for removing the fibre-bearing cortex from the rest of the stalk, making hemp fibre available for use without prohibitive amount of human labor. . ."

At last, a solution to the labor problem, but one year too late. The Marijuana Tax Act had gone into effect on October 1st, 1937, four months before the *Popular Mechanics* article appeared.

Popular Mechanics concluded their article with this statement: "If federal regulations can be drawn to protect the public without preventing the legitimate culture of hemp, this new crop can add immeasurably to American agriculture and industry." It was probably the last honest statement made about hemp in the thirties. From that point on, all the establishment newspapers and periodicals, including *Popular Mechanics*, limited their coverage to the "marijuana menace."

In the 40's, Fate intervened on the side of hemp for a brief period. The Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and invaded the Philippines, cutting off the supply of manilla rope and twine, on which our government was depending as a hemp substitute to protect the youth

of the country from the dread "marijuana menace". The health of the youth had to be forgotten temporarily, while the farmers of Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and other midwestern states rushed into the fields with their tractors to plant hemp.

Their law-breaking was aided by the federal government. The Department of Agriculture provided seeds, fertilizer, machines, and planting instructions for those who had forgotten how to farm the vile weed. Although they were a little rusty, not having raised hemp for four years, the hard-working farmers did their best and produced 62,000 tons in 1943. As they say back home, that's a lot of grass!

The bumper crops of the forties show how effective the federal government can be at stimulating hemp raising when it suits their political purposes. Without any change in the law or an act of Congress, the Department of Agriculture was able to get a crash program in high gear almost immediately. Willing farmers were located, seed was found, and a hemp planting manual was rushed into print.

Known as the *Farmers Bulletin No. 1935*, the planting manual is both a historical curiosity and a valuable source of useful information. It was reprinted in 1952, when someone in Washington got worried that the Chinese might invade the Philippines, while our troops were tied down in Korea, and cut off our manilla rope supply as the Japanese



Hemp seed in the planter box of a corn farmer. (USDA photo)

had done in 1941. Now that the paper shortage has hit and another crisis is at hand, a third printing of *Farmers Bulletin No. 1935* would seem to be in order.

THE FUTURE OF HEMP PAPER

At first glance, the possibility of hemp paper making a comeback may seem pretty remote. However, when we consider the alternatives: a rapidly diminishing timber supply, clearcutting in

our national forests, ecological disasters from lost watersheds and oxygen resources, deteriorating books in libraries, and escalating woodpulp paper prices; the repeal of anti-hemp legislation and a crash program to raise hemp and flax may be our best, if not only way out.

Actually, the repeal of the senseless anti-hemp laws and the restoration of the hemp industry may not be far off. As most of you probably know, the Consumers Union has recommended legalization and various state legislatures have legalization bills under consideration. According to a recent story in *Harper's Magazine*, Iowa is moving rapidly in that direction, and the next marijuana initiative in California is sure



A Kentucky hemp brake, used for reducing the hemp stalks to useable fibre.

to succeed. The optimists are saying anti-hemp laws will be overturned in 1974 or 75. The pessimists say 1977 or later. I think it will be during the next Democratic administration.

While reading the comments of book publishers, binders, and printers, one gets the impression they'd like nothing better than to see the return of paper made from hemp. Librarians, most of all who must watch their cheap woodpulp books deteriorate and fall apart, would welcome the return of durable hemp/flax paper. The Library of Congress, in a recent report on paper-making says: "To preserve man's recorded ideas for future generations, paper manufacturers, book publishers, librarians and archivists must not only understand the magnitude of the problem, but also its urgency and must join forces to stop it."

I would add one more name to the list of people who must "join forces" to solve the paper problem—the hemp farmers.

excerpted from The Marijuana Farmers, (c) 1974 by Jack Frazier, published by Solar Age Press, Box 53002, New Orleans, La. 70160. 132 pp. \$2.75. Printed on 100% recycled paper.



TERRA II

by Timothy Leary

Poet, psychologist, prophet and psy-phy author, Timothy Leary (now in Vacaville Prison) is easily one of the most vilified and celebrated personalities of the last decade. In his landmark books, High Priest and The Politics of Ecstasy, he explored the resources of the human minds and its awakening through psychedelic substances.

Terra II is the grand culmination of Leary's research into the human condition. It is a proposal to construct an intergalactic ark of immense proportions, a surrogate earth to carry five thousand volunteers into the center of the universe in an endless voyage of discovery and harmony.

Evidence has been cited that Higher Intelligence probably exists on planets most likely to be located in the direction of Galactic Center. Evidence has also been summarized that life on this planet was probably seeded from organic molecules transported from more advanced planets.

The purpose of life, it has been suggested, is to contact Higher Intelligence.

If either or both of these hypotheses are falsehoods it does not matter. Since they are the most logical and practical and optimistic "falsehoods" available, they should be accepted and acted upon until a more effective hypothesis comes along.

It is necessary to organize the voyage to Galactic Center as a concrete act of visionary love. To demonstrate to our Galactic Parents and ourselves how good we can be. For five thousand people selected from every nationality to live together for eight years to prepare for the voyage will be in itself the greatest achievement of human history. Even if the ship never leaves, a magnificent experiment in

human spirituality and practical intelligence will have been conducted.

Once Terra II is launched into time those remaining will have a collective vision and a social model which will very likely produce a new spirit of reconciliation and renewal.

The Starseed voyage, lasting thousands of years, will cost less than the amount presently necessary to support one week of the global military budget. Once the first expedition is launched it is probable that others will

Even if the ship never leaves, a magnificent experiment in human spirituality and practical intelligence will have been conducted.

follow. There is nothing competitive or elitist involved. Any group of 5000 people who wish to organize for a trip to Galactic Center is free to do so.

There is no choice. The voyage has to be made.

Phase I, The Initial Planning

In January 1974, a Starseed center will be opened. Committees will be formed to develop plans for construction of the sky-city and its total self-support and self-government during the voyage. Terra II is a miniature replica of Terra I. The sky-society will require a system of agriculture, sanitation, ecology, health, education, recreation, climate control, transportation, communication, government. In addition to the design and construction of the ship and its propulsion and life-support systems, industrial facilities for constructing all of the machinery needed during the long voyage must be designed. Research

laboratories for every science now known to mankind must be included. Once the sky-city is launched it will, of course, be self-supporting. However, the financing for construction and equipping of the ship will be the responsibility of the organizing committee. Selection of the crew will also be accomplished during this phase.

The committees will divide their work into two stages: the construction and maintenance of the pilot city, and the construction of the sky-city.

To illustrate the scope of crew composition:

We shall be selecting the faculty, administration, graduate school, maintenance and grounds staff of a university combining Oxford, Cambridge, and the Moscow Agricultural College. Plus families.

It is anticipated that around forty-nine committees will select one hundred crew members each. Every effort will be made to include delegations from every country in the world and from any "minority group" which believes it is not represented.

The specific organization of the organizing committees will not be forecast, but left to the participants.

A basic rule of the enterprise is that there shall be no secrecy. Every detail of the organization and execution of the voyage will be open to public scrutiny,

Phase II: Earth-city

In January 1976, the first contingent will proceed to the Arctic to begin construction of the replica earth-city. In so far as practical, the building and maintenance of Earth-city will duplicate the steps necessary to build and operate Terra II. Since the final design of the Sky-ship awaits decision by the technical committees, this outline of Earth-city can only be suggestive.

The first wave of colonists will be

construction engineers who will build landing facilities, temporary housing for about five thousand. The replica of the sky-ship will be built. Nuclear energy power plants assembled. As soon as the first wave can live within the ship they will construct the seed modules for life support and social existence. The remainder of the crew will join in stages. Each wave will build and put into operation the systems necessary to support the subsequent wave.

This period of assemblage will be of crucial importance. Experimentation, innovation and trial of the many technical and social issues. For example, one or more languages will have to be developed and learned. Countless technical and human decisions must be made. We are creating the ultimate utopian community, a small model world which must deal with every aspect of human life.

The model will be biological. The ship as body. The crew as nervous system. Each voyager a neuron. Bio-mechanics. Neurotechnics.

All the classic human problems must be solved in a way which combines the improvements we crave and the traditions to which we are addicted.

In general the crew will remain within the ship-world during this period. Reactions of claustrophobia will inevitably develop and adaptation to life enclosed in a miniature world will be an important part of the pre-flight training period. Some of the crew will remain in the old-world society to participate in the construction of the sky-ship. Crew membership will at all times be voluntary and those who wish to leave the new society can do so. It is possible that the sky-society will decide to bring along or construct in flight space vehicles which can be sent back to earth; it is also possible that there will be no possibility of return.

By 1981 the crew will have been selected and the replica city will operate in total self support for the three years before departure begins.

Phase III: The Flight

In 1984 the first contingent will rocket from earth to a parking orbit where the construction of Terra II will take place. The sequences of sending the crew in phases as worked out in the Arctic replica will be repeated. It is expected that the assemblage of equipment and personnel will take no more

The model will be biological. The ship as body. The crew as nervous system. Each voyager a neuron.



The Starseed project can be seen as an enormous process of intellectual nuclear fusion.



than sixteen years. Terra II will take off for the center of the galaxy before the year 2000.

Intellectual Fusion

The skeptical reaction to this proposal: since human beings have not been able to cooperate and establish a harmonious use of resources in the past, how can we expect them to change cooped up inside a miniature world which, like a pressure cooker, may generate explosive pressures of disharmony? Etc.

There are several hopeful answers to this realistic objection.

The population of Terra II is both self-selected and group-selected. We shall offer the galactic intelligence our best hopes, our best energies, our best people.

The Terra II population will be highly motivated, united in the greatest enterprise that humanity has ever initiated. Human beings in the past have been caught in webs of ambivalent and conflicting motivation. Class, caste, race, nationalistic, personal, familial. The T.T population will be intimately harnessed together in a mutual survival process.

The most promising asset of the flight will derive from the *intellectual fusion* which will lift the level of cognitive ability to a new metamorphosed level. At the present time the human species has produced an astounding number of scientific and creative achievements and there is a large population of extremely evolved persons living around the globe. They are separated from each other. Each person and each group is bogged down in a social-political structure which, on the one hand, supports them, and on the other hand, limits them to the restricted visions of political bureaucracies. Research goals are deliberately shortsighted to appear practical: cure of cancer, military hardware. Social scientists in particular are limited in proposing solutions to human problems because above all they must not rock the boat. Etc. Institutes which bring scholars and scientists together such as RAND, Hudson Institute, Salk Foundation, while they encourage cross-disciplinary contact, do little to motivate.

The Starseed project can be seen as an enormous process of intellectual nuclear fusion. Five thousand brilliant human beings will be assembled on a time ship world and they will have to produce new and successful solutions

to all of the ancient human problems in order to survive. The situation will require creativity. At the present time the chemist and the psychologist work at their separate laboratories and then drive home to the suburbs. There is no pressure to integrate discoveries, cross-fertilize on a survival basis.

Terra II will more than justify its existence as an incubator of scientific discoveries in every aspect of life. Each scientific and scholarly discipline will have its research facilities aboard. The results of the ongoing research will be relayed continuously back to Terra I.

It is likely that within short years the sky-ship will make radio contact with other civilizations. As Terra II leaves the powerful field of solar radiation its own signals will be clearer to other scanning receivers. These first contacts with Higher Intelligence will inevitably make available great advances in our understanding of physical-chemical-biological processes which in turn will be transmitted to earth.

Today scientists play at the games of science. In addition to being scientists they are Democrats, golfers, adulterers, players in games which are totally removed from the high peaks of their creativity. The novelty and continual pressure for innovative solutions on Terra II will guarantee a higher state of consciousness, a demonstration of new levels of neural effectiveness.

Financing the Voyage

The Starseed Project is totally self-supporting. International in scope, it cannot ask or accept financial support from any country. Nor can it be under any outside political control.

Starseed is, of course, a nonprofit enterprise. No member of Terra II will receive any funds from Starseed for personal living expenses or for compensation. Starseed will pay outside companies who manufacture equipment and perform subcontracting tasks.

The cost of the Starseed Project will be billions of dollars. This sum will be raised by means of a) donation, b) research contracts, and c) sale and lease of media rights.

a) *Donations:* Starseed finances will be handled by a trust which will receive tax-deductible donations. At the present time we have received

During the centuries of voyage Terra II will be freely donating back to the home planet the fruits of discoveries.



It is likely that within short years the sky-ship will make radio contact with other civilizations.



This article is excerpted from the book, *Terra II*, which is available for \$5 from Starseed Information Center, 531 Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

pledges from ten persons who have agreed to donate a million dollars each. The enthusiasm of donors is explained by the general reaction that Starseed is the first totally sensible idea ever suggested for the use of human resources. By 1976 it is expected that a thousand million-dollar donations will be received plus another billion dollars in smaller contributions. As the project becomes tangible and concretely realizable, the flow of donations will increase geometrically.

b) *Research Contracts:* The Terra II crew will include one thousand of the most gifted scientists working on new designs and solutions for every aspect of human life. The patents on discoveries made by the various research groups will be licensed or sold for an estimated one billion dollars a year.

c) *Sale and Lease of Media Rights:* The Terra II crew will include one thousand of the most talented musicians, artists, writers, scholars, filmmakers, architects, designers, artisans, etc. The activities of the earth-city will become of great interest to the inhabitants of Terra I. The creative productions of the crew and the news chronicling of Starseed events will bring in more than one billion dollars a year.

The Starseed Trust will in addition sell long-term rights to the inventions, productions, and creativity rights of the population of Terra II for the years after the launching. The value of Terra II productivity will increase as the years of the voyage pass to the extent that these expressions will become literally priceless. Terra II will have already paid its own way, recompensed Terra I for the necessary supplies and equipment before launching. During the centuries of the voyage Terra II will be freely donating back to the home planet the fruits of its discoveries.

Even though the inhabitants of Terra II will become a new mutant race, their filial indebtedness, gratitude, and concern for the parental planet will continue. The very existence of Terra II as a higher-conscious evolute from Terra I will, it is expected, serve as a model and as an inspiration, and, perhaps, even as a conscience for Terra I to emulate.

Tantric Yoga: The Art of Sexual Union

An ancient Hindu philosophy revered in India and Tibet, Tantrism is a refreshing approach to the beauties and intimacies of sex. It is a soothing balm for the weary senses of modern man and woman.

Concrete and direct, the Tantras provide the formulas for fullest achievement of human sexuality, through which, they teach, we attain marriage with the cosmos.

According to the Tantras, the sex act of "maithuna" duplicates the rhythm of the universe. This rhythm is called "ajapa mantra" or the "breath of God".

In Tantrism the bliss of coition is absolutely essential to those who seek wisdom and release from materialism. The Tantrics call the search for perfect union "Sadhana."

In the deep valleys that divide the snowy Himalayas, devotees of the Tantras are schooled in the realization of divine release and cosmic orgasm, union with the eternal flow. They have been doing so for many hundreds of years.

Today, in our modern world of a million rushing images and sounds, sex

has become for too many a competitive series of one shots. Unhappy faces at single's clubs and cocktail parties are proofs that mere conventional orgasm cannot fulfill the soul's longings.

Enter the divine satiation and total sensual involvement of Tantrism.

Tantrism is a doctrine of secrets passed from teacher to pupil and it insists we all be students of the body and the delights it can bring the spirit. The goal of Tantrism is utter illumination.

"He who realizes the truth of the body can then come to know the truth of the universe."

Tantric Verse

In the Tantric biophysics, the woman is magnetic. The man is electric. As they join organs inexpressible universal ecstasy and knowledge is theirs.

To the Tantric, the stimulation of sex and sexuality is centered in one of the six vital centers of energy. These vibrating seats of divine light are known as "chakras".

The "Muladhara" is the first of these centers and its energy is the energy of creation. It contains the ever-burning coil of Kundalini, the erotic. This chak-

ra is situated between the yoni (the vagina) or the lingam (the penis) and the anus. It is through this chakra that we enter the realm of sensual delights.

Sex is devoted and gentle in Tantrism, seeking to rouse the erotic nerve endings in a slow-building crescendo. The partners choose each other out of admiration, perceiving mutually the incarnations of the male and female principles. They are ever attentive to the beauties before them in human form; they are ever worshipful of the divine force that emanates from their respective "muladhara".

The steps to intercourse in Tantrism are eight in all. They concentrate on the need for correct surrounding colors and sounds; the need for flowers and scents is also elaborated in the Tantras.

Before the sexual act, the partners should bathe together; they should anoint one another with precious perfumes and soothing lotions derived from musk, jasmine, patchouli, spikenard or sandalwood.

Vases of the sacred red hibiscus or chinese roses should surround the room.





Gentle wafts of dhoop incense should rise around the bed where the partners sit, naked, meditating on the "muladhara". They should be within six feet of each other.

A soft violet light should bathe the woman's form, and the two eat sparingly from a tray of assorted meat, fish and cereals. Wine is sipped and they continue to meditate in silence. The vital forces are slowly rousing and the man and woman become aware of their infinite sexual possibilities. Their eyes meet and entwine. Smiling and careful they kiss with increasing fervor.

They lie side by side and embrace, nibbling and licking at breasts, arms and ears. The man is roused to hardness and mounts the woman, placing his lingam within her yoni, but ever so slightly making small smooth strokes at her outer labia.

They remain locked and unity accumulates; the electric and magnetic forces are being comingled; the current is most intense where their organs meet.

The Kundalini power, the twisting red flame of sensuality is being fed by the conjunction of warm, loving bodies.

The entire body is alive with awareness. Now the lingam is forcefully but gently inserted into the deepest recesses of the now eager yoni.

This total union is achieved in two ways: the woman can raise her knees to her breasts, expanding the yoni, all the while pulling the man into her with tugs at his body; or the woman can rise and straddle the erect lingam and embrace the male, who sits motionless and meditative.

Color, smell, sound, taste and touch meld. The partners are aware of absolute cohesion with one another and thus with the universe.

Their life forces merged, their personalities fuse, they remain united. It has been suggested in some Tantras that pleasure is greatest between the 28th and 32nd minutes of coition. The couple experiences ever rising waves of sensation, then separate, kiss and sleep the refreshing sleep of the totally aware.

Conventional orgasm should be contained as long as possible. It is suggested that one roll back the tongue, hold a breath for seven counts and contract the anus to prevent orgasm.

There is also in Tantrism the "subtle embrace" This is the realization of the pleasures of "maithuna" without genuine physical contact. This is usually achieved by placing oneself within the unaware partner's vibratory range (i.e. six feet), and dwelling upon the sex chakra or "muladhara" of the person.

The chakra is visualized as a triangle flame of Kundalini. The meditator's attention must not waver for a period of one minute. Then he is allowed to freely associate upon the body and spirit of the desired.

Breathing is then paced to that of the desired, the anal sphincter is rhythmically contracted, while a mantra is mentally repeated: "Hang-sa"; "Hang-sa".

Body temperature around the genitals will rise and a subtle force field will flow from sex chakra to sex chakra; individuality will be overcome and unity achieved. The basic bio-electrical impulses will be discharged along the force field and ultimate pleasure achieved without actual embrace.

Truly, in this era of quickies and cheap thrills, Tantrism offers graceful and cosmically satisfying sex.



Florida Dealers Organized For Charity

In Broward County, Florida, marijuana and medicine almost joined together to help another human being.

Six year old Jody Deitrich's heart had a faulty valve; without surgery he was sure to wither and die from even the slightest infection.

But Jody was refused admittance to Variety Children's Hospital in Miami when it was found that his parents had no insurance or the required estimated balance for the operation—\$4000.

Following the publication of little Jody's plight in Miami area papers, a trust fund was established by a service sorority. The collection was far behind when a miracle occurred.

A slim woman in her twenties walked into Sterling National Bank, where the trust fund was held, and handed the



"Good evening. What the news from here doesn't look too bad—nothing bad at all..."

bank president's secretary an envelope crammed with \$100, \$50, and \$20 bills.

The Broward County Marijuana Dealer's Association had sent the envelope stuffed with \$2000. The money was accompanied with an appropriate letter stating 'What the hell is happening when a six year old child is denied treatment because some hospital demands a down payment on the inherent right he was born with to health and happiness.'

Apparently, the gesture pricked the consciences of Miami. Shortly after the story of the dealers' generosity broke on the national press, two area surgeons offered their services free of charge.

The operation was performed, without the \$2000 contribution. However,

the money was subsequently distributed to Miami area hospitals.

Of course, this action by dope dealers is not a solitary phenomenon. Dealers are forming cooperatives so their profits can be better channeled.

For example, a Gainesville group, calling itself the "Gainesville Marijuana Dealers Association" contributed \$10,000 to the Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telethon.

This same group also donated \$2000 to the American Civil Liberties Special Defense Fund, urging it to press its attack on dope laws.

Hey Kid, Wanna Buy Some Dynamite Bindro? . . .

In a study in *Human Behavior* magazine, three researchers at Loyola University of Chicago have confirmed that some respondents to drug-use questionnaires habitually overestimate their own drug use. A questionnaire submitted to suburban high school students asked if they had used "marijuana, barbiturates, amphetamines, LSD, liquor or bindro." About 4% said they had used "bindro", a nonsense word made up by the researchers.

Senate To Confront Legalization Of Pot . . .

The United States Senate has finally moved to confront the marijuana decriminalization question head on, but some Senate members continue a rear-guard reactionary action.

Senators Jacob Javits (R-NY) and Harold Hughes (D-Iowa), both former members of the President's Marijuana Commission, have announced that serious discussion on the prospects of decriminalizing private marijuana usage by adults will be held before Hughes's Subcommittee on Alcoholism and Narcotics.

This is the first time in its history that hearings on marijuana have been held in the Senate and witnesses are being contacted who will testify "pro" and "con" removing federal penalties for most marijuana offenses.

Javits and Hughes are co-sponsoring a bill that was introduced in the last session of the Senate that specifies that

persons 18 and older may not be criminally prosecuted under federal law for possessing, exchanging or smoking small quantities of marijuana. Their bill is based on the recommendations of the National Marijuana Commission.

Meanwhile, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, headed by Senator James Eastland claims that cannabis consumption was up 300% in 1973 from the previous year. According to Eastland's figures, American consumers smoked some 5 billion joints in



"All these years I was admiring Senator Abel's unwavering attention span; now it turns out he's just been stoned all the time."

1973, or 20 joints for every man, woman and child in the country.

Eastland blames this rise on the New Left, the academic community and Dr. Timothy Leary. The ISS claims evidence linking Communist agents to the smuggling of marijuana and hashish. The Brotherhood of Eternal Love is fingered as the world's largest trafficker in hashish, and Eastland intends to expose its ties with subversive agents.

Quick, A Nail . . .

When a large van failed to clear the building overhang at a Homestead Florida motel, police were called by the motel manager to assist. When they arrived, they became suspicious and inspected the van. Inside, they found 2 tons of marijuana neatly stacked and in 25 pound packages. Arrested and charged with possession of marijuana was van driver Frederick Ford, 23, of Fort Lauderdale.



"Sergeant, take that man's name!"

Colombian Exports Rise . . .

Coffee is not Colombia's largest export any more. For the first time, non-coffee exports exceeded coffee exports in Colombia, and the economy is booming.

Colombia has become a leading exporter of carnations, roses and orchids to the United States and Europe, outstripping non-competitive American and European growers. Colombia has also become an ambitious exporter of frogs, human blood and false teeth. The 1972 export percentage of 52.2% for coffee and 47.8% was reversed in 1973 to 48.8% and 51.2%, respectively.

There are no statistics at present on the rise of illicit exports.

Caramba . . .

A Brooklyn social club became very hostile when five men, including two Colombian nationals were arrested there and accused of selling more than a pound of cocaine to undercover police officers.

Arrested and charged with sale of a controlled substance under New York's new drug laws were Alejandro Cuero, 42, Elias Tello, 36, both Colombian nationals, and Paul Cruz, 26, Alfonso Sumonsa, 36, and Jose Calimano, 36. The charge is punishable up to life.

Legal and Missing . . .

In case you reached for your annual dole of opium and found it missing, the reason has been partially explained.

A temporary shortage of opium for legal use developed in 1973, reports the International Narcotics Control Board. The shortage is estimated at 400 tons and is the result of growing demands placed against dwindling stocks. Cutbacks in Turkish poppy production are blamed for the immediate tight supply.

Excluding the Chinese, who grow their own stock, there are an estimated 2 billion people who are in the market for opium. The missing 400 tons would be capable of providing each of these persons, old or young, black, brown, red or white, with 2.4 grams of the narcotic. Unfortunately, few ever get to see a microgram, while several hundred unscrupulous traffickers divert tons of the stuff into the deadly heroin trade.

What remains to be answered is the availability of opium once the shortage is corrected. Will increased crops result in higher heads in the U.S. and Europe?

Depends On What The Meal Is

Complaining that compensation payments from Washington amounted to "hardly more than a tip," Turkey's 70,000 poppy farmers lobbied against a 13 month-old ban on poppy cultivation. They have just won.

The Turkish government in 1972 banned poppy growing after a decade of negotiations with the United States. The agreement entailed a \$35 million reparation from Washington. However, the ban was immediately unsuccessful and during the last elections, all of Turkey's major political parties pledged either to lift the ban or find a way to cut farmer's losses. It is thought that Washington may now raise the already considerable indemnities.

In announcing the end of the ban, Turkish Foreign Minister Turhan Gunes announced that "one part of mankind cannot be driven to despair to safeguard another part."



A popular Kathmandu hashish market catering to European and American customers.

Strangers In Paradise . . .

This winter, young European and American freaks made their annual migration from the Himalayan foothills to the warm tropical beaches of Goa. And, as in years past, Goan public opinion was divided on the reception they should receive. Some natives believe the drug-oriented youths to be a potential menace, bringing corruption to their own youth. Other more profit minded citizens envision an eventual tourist boom, and see the long hairs as the vanguard of this profitable influx.

The freaks themselves seem happily oblivious to the debate. To date, they have not been harrassed and they have been allowed to bask naked in the sun, smoking bowlfuls of hashish.

Dr. Feelgood . . .

A panel of physicians commissioned by the AMA reported that one out of every forty practicing doctors is a hard-drug addict. The panel reported that the equivalent of two medical school graduating classes end up addicted each year.

Bad Run In Iran . . .

A swift-moving elite anti-drug squad in Tehran, Iran, recently captured an estimated \$2 million worth of top grade opium from Afghanistan. The American trained Iranian drug control team reported that it was their biggest haul since May, 1973, when assorted substances worth \$21 million were confiscated.

Nixon Calls For Harsh New Laws

Apparently conscious of his badly tarnished law n' order image, President Nixon included a tough new stance on drug traffickers in a recent special address to Congress. He cited a study by the Drug Enforcement Agency which reported average sentences for convicted pushers down from 73 months to 54 months. He also noted that federal studies show "more than a quarter of those who are convicted never serve a single day behind bars."

The President's new penalties would require minimum federal sentences of not less than 3 years for a first offense, with a maximum 15 years. Sentences for second offenses would not be less than 10 years or more than 30 years.

Apparently ignoring the recommendations of his own Marijuana Commission, Nixon's proposals would also increase the maximum penalty for trafficking in non-narcotic drugs, including marijuana, from the present 5 years for a first offense to 10 years.

The requests bear typical Nixon hallmarks. For example, judges would be able to deny bail if a defendant arrested for trafficking in dangerous drugs had been previously convicted of a drug felony, or was out on parole, probation or bail in connection with another felony.

Reaction in an impeachment-harried Congress was lukewarm. Rep. Lester L. Wolff (D-NY), Chairman of the House special Subcommittee on Narcotics, said Nixon's measures were inadequate.

"It's not getting at the heart of the problem," said Wolff. "If we stop traffic overseas, we can cripple it at home."

Gray Hairs And Horse Sense . . .

A 103 year farmer was arrested on charges of marijuana possession in South Africa. Believed to be the oldest marijuana defendant ever, the man told the judge that he never smoked the weed. He insisted that he only mixed it with corn and fed it to his horse as medicine.

He was given a one-month suspended sentence.



Shock of death sentence registers of faces of Americans convicted in Turkish Court for hashish smuggling.

A Long, Long Layover In Turkey . . .

In what stands as the most severe sentence ever handed an American smuggler in a foreign nation, three young Americans were sentenced to death by a Turkish court for moving 225 pounds of hashish from Syria into Turkey in 1972.

The sentence was later commuted to life because of "extenuating circumstances." There is no appeal.

Joanne McDaniel, 30, Catherine Zenz, 29, and Robert Hubbard, 23, were cited in the Antayka, Turkey, court as members of an organized drug smuggling ring. Four other Americans were also arrested, but were subsequently released when it was established that they had been hitchhiking and were picked up by the convicted's hashish laden van.

Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow . . .

Rodney Scott Morgan, 26, a Houston undercover narcotics agent, was shot to death by a uniformed officer because he had long hair.

The deputy sheriff, who had been working undercover for two years, was shot once in the chest in the men's room of a Houston bar as he stood with gun in hand, guarding two prisoners. "I had no way of knowing he was a police officer. He had long hair and a moustache," said the uniformed officer, Glenn Thyssen.

Paradise Lost . . .

American drug policy has annoyed remaining French residents of Phnom Penh, the Cambodian capital.

Rockets attacks and nearby gunfire barely stir the mellow and mildly decadent French colony, but good opium is scarce since the American government instigated a crackdown. Phnom Penh's highest days are now a pleasant memory. The lavish opium dens and grand floating restaurants are closed. French residents no longer gather together to spend summer evenings.

As one older Frenchman recalled, "The old days were really the old days. We used to have family evenings at home when the servant boys would prepare the opium pipes and we would smoke all night. Now, with the American drug crackdown in Asia, you can't get good-quality opium any more."

Brotherhood Members Face The Slammer . . .

After testimony about giant international LSD shipments, Timothy Leary and the mysterious Brotherhood of Eternal Love, Owsley the Acid King and a whole cast of counterculture heavies, two of the men accused in a San Francisco court of being the psychedelic movement's resident chemists were convicted of manufacturing LSD and evading income taxes. Tim Scully, 29, and Nicholas Sand, 32, were found guilty by jury after a week of deliberation.

A third defendant, Lester Friedman, 44, was found not guilty of conspiracy to make LSD. Four others indicted in the case by a grand jury last May have since disappeared. All four were reputed to be members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

The trial was full of more surprises than a hit of orange sunshine. The first surprise was Billy Mellon Hitchcock, 34, scion of the Gulf Oil Mellons of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Back in the sixties, Hitchcock was known as Tim Leary's angel, providing the ex-professor with his huge country estate in Millbrook, New York and a paisley two-engine airplane. The

mansion was later busted and Leary evicted by an ambitious Poughkeepsie lawman named G. Gordon Liddy. Four months ago, Billy Hitchcock surfaced as the prosecution's key witness against Scully, Sand and Freidman.

Hitchcock, who has admitted to a long usage of LSD, received immunity from prosecution for his testimony that he had been errand boy for the three others, traveling to Europe and the Caribbean with shipments of LSD and hundreds of thousands in cash. According to Hitchcock, the rendezvous point was always a small wooden farmhouse in Windsor, California, where Scully, an electronics expert, Sands, a Brooklyn College graduate, anthropologist and self-taught chemist, and Friedman, associate professor of chemistry at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, maintained an LSD laboratory.

This laboratory, claimed Hitchcock was the factory that supplied the Brotherhood of Eternal Love with

points of acid but less chance of a bad trip.

He told the court that he had been instructed in the art of LSD manufacture by Owsley Stanley III, the Acid King. Owsley was also indicted in the case for income tax evasion and will be tried later.

An appeal is planned by defense lawyers. Scully and Sand face a maximum of 25 years.



"Somebody must have turned on the computer—all it keeps saying is, 'Twas brillig and the slithy toves' ..."

Big Brother's Kissin' Cousin . . .

Distrust and competition among New York State law enforcement offices has caused the dismantling of a giant store of computerized information originally designed to combat organized crime.

However, the same computer, a Burroughs 6700, is being re-fed with information on convicted common criminals and those accused of crimes, as well as data on several million New York State citizens. Information in the computer will be made available to such non-criminal agencies as State Insurance Agency and the Board of Education.

Originally conceived as an instant retrieval system that would be used cooperatively by local police departments and state anti-crime agencies in their efforts against mob activities, the file was never successful. Local agencies were jealous of information they had accumulated and it was found that some data was being purchased from police by the Mob.

Under the new arrangement the information gathered will be returned and the system's fingerprint and non-criminal banks expanded.

And Pieces Of Eight . . .

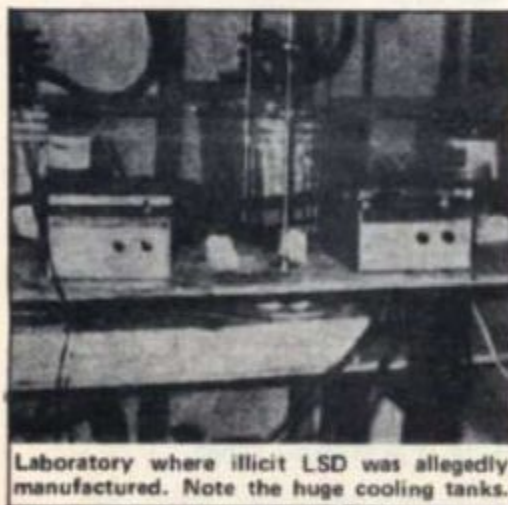
Make gold legal again. That was the rallying call at the 1974 monetary conference in New Orleans, sponsored by the National Committee to Legalize Gold. The conference drew 775 people (one-half of them millionaires) to hear financial experts attest to coming hard times and the collapse of the paper dollar.

The NCLG is currently sponsoring legislation to legalize the possession of gold bullion in the U.S.

California Pot Petition Fails

California pot law reformers suffered a disappointing setback to their marijuana decriminalization drive. The drive to place a new decriminalization measure on the 1974 general election ballot appears to have fallen short of its goal of 325,504 signatures.

Although California Marijuana Initiative (CMI) workers in 53 countries amassed an estimated 365,000 signatures, an estimated 30-35% are expected to be declared invalid for one reason or another. Only signatures of registered voters are counted, and according to past experience, many of the signers of the petition are probably not registered.



Laboratory where illicit LSD was allegedly manufactured. Note the huge cooling tanks.

their notoriously good acid. The Brotherhood, a consortium of large California dealers, was reputed to be the nation's largest supplier of hashish. Formed in the sixties from a nucleus of Laguna Beach surfers, the Brotherhood is also credited with helping to spring Timothy Leary from San Luis Obispo prison in 1970.

The second big surprise came in the form of a unique defense offered by Scully. He claimed that they had not manufactured LSD-25, which is illegal, but ALD-52, a chemical which Scully claimed was perfectly legal. According to Scully, ALD-52 has all the fine



Prisoners Of Weed (POW Dept.)

Pot arrests are not decreasing according to an American Civil Liberties Union study in California.

Approximately 100,000 Californians, or one in every fifty persons in the state, are now busted each year on dope charges, a figure that is consistent with the arrest rates of previous years.

Search At Leisure Crew . . .

The new Federal Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) has devised a chilling new low in search and seizure methods.

The new super cop squad, a recent Nixon addition to the war against getting high, has assigned agents to the U.S. Customs Department.

Only customs personnel are empowered by Congress to open and search packages and personal affects without warrant, a practice widely seen at most border crossings and points of entry into the U.S.

By joining the Customs Department in a semi-official status, DEA hopes to broaden present search and seizure tactics to include a "first opportunity" strike. "First opportunity" means that field agents throughout the U.S. are permitted to search packages, warehouses, and private homes in the U.S. if agents believe that it will be their "first opportunity" to intercept smuggled contraband.

This policy could be extended to include forcible searches without warrant of private homes suspected of containing stashes of imported marijuana or hashish.

The transfer of DEA agents to the Customs Department came as a last minute maneuver by the new agency. DEA had originally intended to ask Congress for the unprecedented powers, but changed its strategy on the heels of the Watergate reaction in Washington.

A Plague On Two Houses . . .

Swarms of locusts that have plagued the border states of India and Pakistan may have far reaching consequences for hashish enthusiasts in Europe and the U.S.

Deadly hordes of the voracious insects have begun to ravage millions of acres of cropland, including the precious hemp-growing areas in Kashmir.

A typical swarm covering one square mile will contain 100 million locusts which will devour 100 tons of food per day, mostly vegetation and smaller insects. One swarm that attacked East

Africa in 1958 covered 600 square miles and ate 120,000 tons of food a day.

The locust invasion may inflict a major blow to the hashish economy of the border area, driving the price of Kashmiri hashish to incredible heights.

Under the aegis of the U.N., the two hostile nations have cooperated in spraying over 20,000 gallons in insecticide on the afflicted areas.

The Hard Sell Dept. . . .

The Hell's Angels in the San Jose, California, area have kicked off their anti-hard drug campaign with three billboards emblazoned with a skull and crossbones, warning "NO HOPE WITH DOPE". A spokesman for the club explained that the Angels are opposed to heroin and cocaine, and do not consider marijuana, barbiturates or amphetamines as "hard stuff". The club is also preparing anti-drug brochures and making members available for speaking engagements.



"...and to demonstrate clearly, so that there can be no mistake... that the American Government will not tolerate any vile attempt by Communists to undermine and take over anything which we hold dear."

Unter Der Bad Sing . . .

GI's in West Berlin are looking for another hashish connection. A West Berlin Court sentenced 23 year old Texan, Charlie Farrell, to three years in prison for selling American servicemen in West Berlin about 26 pounds of hashish.

We Are All Outlaws . . .

New York City Police have charged a squad of New York State superagents of attempting to sell cocaine as part of an investigation.

Accused are undercover agents from Special State Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari, who, police said, authorized the

sale of six pounds of cocaine to a ring of pushers.

Nadjari claims the sale was devised to insure the arrest of the pushers, who would in turn be persuaded to supply information about police officers who were extorting money from drug dealers.

Federal and State law enforcement officers publicly disavow narcotics sales as an investigative technique.

But Nadjari said this was not the first time his office had used dope to make arrests. His office is known for unorthodox methods and has been unpopular with New York City police officials since it was opened in 1972 by Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

Eventually, when State cops posing as sellers met city cops posing as buyers, a near fatal shootout took place in which three agents were seriously wounded. The city cops were arrested on charges of extortion.

Brain Lubricant Caught In Car . . .

Hash oil valued at \$3 million was confiscated and two American men arrested in a Karachi, Pakistan, hotel. Donald Nengal, of Honolulu, and Joseph Shelton Davis, Los Angeles, along with an unidentified German woman were charged with concealing the oil in an auto owned by the Americans.

Life Is A Bubble Dept. . . .

Maj. Gen. Franklin M. Davis, Commandant of the U.S. Army War College is a disciple of Guru Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Transcendental Meditation. Gen. Davis explains that it lowered his blood pressure and enables him to concentrate on his work.

Treat Them Right Dept. . . .

Winston Fleming, 29, of Brooklyn was popped with 10 pounds of dope after his common law wife tipped off police. She was angry about a beating he had given her.

Bug Killers Go Free...

Four New York men were freed on charges of conspiracy and theft of government property. They allegedly destroyed an electronic bug and a television camera installed by the FBI to monitor their activities in a Brooklyn machine shop.

The charges were dropped at the government's request. Denis Dillon, head of the Brooklyn Strike Force Against Organized Crime told U.S. Magistrate Vincent Catoggio that "the facts would not support a successful prosecution."

He did not elaborate on reasons for the secret surveillance.

24, 12, 46... Snort...

The San Diego Charger of the National Football League fielded the highest team in any league, according to a report in the *Miami Herald*. In fact, the article points out, they may be the most investigated squad since the Black Sox.

The NFL has admitted to a drug use problem in the past. However, the Charger management last year placed tight controls on the use of pain killers and amphetamines by team members. Now it is rumored that several Charger members are being investigated for marijuana and cocaine offenses. The drug use is being blamed by the Charger office for a dismal 73-74 season.

See Any Fruit Flies, Merl?...

Agricultural inspectors along Florida's Suwanee River seized 1,600 pounds of marijuana recently, adding another bust to the growing list of grabs attributed to the Department of Agriculture's Road Guard Service.

The pot was found in a rental cargo trailer hauled by a pick-up truck which was stopped for routine inspection. Station guards along the Suwanee ostensibly check for spoilage and infestation of traveling produce and fruit. The driver of the truck, Raul Trevino, told guard Frances Margin that the trailer was empty except for his tools. However, she became suspicious and the cargo of weed was found

in suitcases and sacks, compressed into five pound blocks. Gilchrist County Sheriff Charlie Parrish and several deputies were called and Trevino, along with Ray Gonzalez and Cecilio Trevino Jr., all of Corpus Christi, Texas, were arrested.



"Poor Cinnamon. She really had become quite fond of marijuana-detection duty."

What Happened To Man's Best Friend?...

In Andrade, California, an alert police pooch sniffed out an estimated \$1.4 million worth of heroin and cocaine secreted in a lower panel of a car door. According to U.S. Regional Customs Commissioner Albert G. Bergenson, 39½ ounces of heroin and 3½ ounces of cocaine were tucked into the right door of the car driven by Frank E. Mestas, 41, and Daniel Cervantes, 48, both of Colorado Springs, Colo.

Both were arrested on smuggling charges.

The \$300,000 Perfect Nosedive...

The Worldwide Divine Light Mission in Denver, Guru Maharaj Ji's organization, reports that the 16 year old perfect master's bankroll is feeling an unholy pinch.

Attendance at last October's "Millennium 1" at Houston's Astrodome, touted as the first mass demonstration of international devotion to the rotund deity,

fell far short of the prophesied half-million.

Crowds at the revival never topped twenty thousand, and the DLM took a \$250,000 bath.

Consequently, the Mission staff has been forced to take part-time jobs and salaries have been cut drastically. The Guru's favorite toys, his Mercedes and Cadillac limos have been sold, as has his private jet.

To add to the Perfect One's woes, an alternative press newspaper in Denver, *The Straight Creek*, reports that his first visit to the United States was financed by the proceeds of a large hash deal.

According to *Straight Creek*, a member of the loosely organized "Boulder Dealer's Association" visited the Guru's Indian headquarters in early 1971. He returned convinced of the young man's divinity, and persuaded members of the BDA to finance a visit from the Guru with the proceeds of an upcoming hashish deal. The deal was turned, a round-trip ticket to Denver was sent to India, and in August 1971 Guru Maharaj Ji, then only 13, arrived in Denver.

A gathering of 200 was held at the small mountain town of Wallstreet, Colorado. When he left a week later, the Guru had more than 1500 followers.

As a result of his visit to Colorado, the young wise man selected Denver as the site of the world headquarters.

Undeclared War...

Three people were killed when their twin engine Lockheed Lodestar loaded with an estimated \$1 million worth of marijuana smashed into an apartment construction site in Pompano Beach, Florida, and was engulfed in flames.

The apparent pilot has been identified as James Tenant, 30, of Gainesville. The other two victims are yet to be identified.

This crash comes amid rumors that federal and state narcotics squads in Florida have been using deadly air-to-air missiles to down incoming cargoes of grass. Three such mysterious crashes in recent weeks have stirred speculation that an all-out war has been silently declared by BNDD agents and the Florida Attorney General and that murderous tactics are being employed to stop the inflow of marijuana.

Deep Nose . . .

Linda Lovelace, agile star of porn smash "Deep Throat" and friend David Winters, 34, a motion picture producer, were arrested in Las Vegas on charges of possessing cocaine and amphetamines. However, the Clark County District Attorney's office dropped the charges for "insufficient evidence". The dope was allegedly found in their two room suite at a Las Vegas luxury hotel.

Cannabis Cyronics . . .

Keep your smoke cool and it will keep you higher longer. According to the Journal of the American Medical Association, THC, the active ingredient in marijuana, decomposes over time. Dope kept refrigerated in the AMA study retained its full potency for over two years, while unfrozen weed lost at least one-sixth its potency.

How Do You Sleep At Night? . . .

The security watch over the children of Florida weed watcher State Attorney Eugene T. Whitworth was discontinued. Alachua County Sheriff Joe Crevasse said there had been no new developments since threats were made to kidnap or injure Whitworth's family. "Clean Gene" Whitworth is infamous in Florida as the cold-blooded force behind innumerable busts.

Smack Cops Face Indictments Soon . . . Others To Follow

Narcotics cops involved in the heist of \$73 million worth of heroin confiscated in the famous "French Connection" case may soon face indictment in New York. However, revealed New York Special State Prosecutor Maurice Nadjari, the "kingpin" of the theft has yet to be questioned and would not be among those indicted. The indictments will be handed up by a special state grand jury that has been hearing evidence on corruption.

In a related development, two federal grand juries heard evidence taken from hundreds of hours of secret tapes detailing alleged payoffs and fixes in drug cases throughout the city. The tapes implicate numerous lawyers, assistant district attorneys, bail bondsmen, law secretaries, court clerks and even some judges.

The two juries have already returned indictments against 13 present and former narcotics detectives once assigned to the elite Special Investigations Unit (SIU) of the police Narcotics Division. They were charged with receiving \$380,000 in payoffs. The same indictments alleged that the detectives had attempted to pass out up to \$150,000 to other SIU officers to fix cases against those arrested.

Fly The Thirsty Skies . . .

Conservative Moslems in oil-rich Kuwait are up in arms over the possibility of alcohol being served onboard the national airlines. Moslem religion prohibits consumption of intoxicating beverages, but this is a hotly contested



"Coffee, tea or good"

stricture, with "liberal" and "conservative" Arabs declaring for or against modification of the ancient code.

In Kuwait, publisher Abdulaziz al-Massaeed, an elected deputy of 50 member National Assembly and an admitted tippler, ignited a furor when he proposed that international flights of the state-owned airline include cocktails. He challenged the Assembly to a blood test to determine who drinks and who doesn't. Kuwait is officially a dry

nation, but corners are cut for foreign businessmen and thirsty officials. The National Assembly has since tentatively approved the liquor budget on the condition that a study be taken to gauge the effect that banning liquor sales may have on the willingness of non-Moslem passengers to use the airline.

Pill Pipeline From Mexico . . .

Mexico has become the black market funnel for barbiturates and amphetamines entering the United States illegally, says John Bartels of the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA).

Urging the Senate subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency to recommend adoption of the international Convention on Psychotropic Substances now before the Senate, Bartels outlined the workings of a black market network capable of handling a half-million amphetamine capsules a day. He said that the Mexican connection is diverting pills from legitimate manufacturers to the New York underworld. "Recent intelligence suggests that a group of violators have ordered amphetamine sulphate powder from European firms sufficient to manufacture an additional 50 million tablets," he said.

Bartels said reports also indicate that methaqualone is being smuggled into the U.S. from Canada.

The current lack of international controls, he said, "is the kind of double standard which views heroin addiction with horror but is willing to overlook barbiturate addiction as a less harmful sort of thing. This is an outdated notion."

Blind Injustice . . .

New York State's harsh new drug laws are causing grief for many people. In one incident, a young worker at a welding shop arranged to sell his car to two men. One day, on his lunch hour, he was at the apartment of one of the men. Only the wife of the prospective customer was home.

Suddenly, police armed with warrants smashed into the place and hauled the worker off. Along with a felony's worth of dope. The two men interested in the car were heavy dope dealers.

The judge set his bail at \$10,000 (later reduced to \$7400); too much for a young welder to raise. At this writing he is sitting in the Brooklyn House of Detention, awaiting trial.

Yule Bust Nets 30 Tons

On Christmas Eve, federal and state agents seized 30 tons of high quality Jamaican and Colombian weed in what may be the biggest bust in history.

Police estimates place the value of the dope at a whopping \$25 million.

Police report that they followed an alleged dealer by air to a remote port on the Florida Panhandle after he had sold a quantity of dope to a narcotics agent.

"The minute he left, we followed him," said Florida state attorney Eugene Whitworth.

The suspect was followed in his camper to Port St. Joe, where several small trucks were seen leaving a canal boat. They were followed to a remote farm in Gulf County, where the bulk of the grass was found lashed to a ten wheel flatbed truck parked inside the barn.

The raid culminated a five week investigation in Gainesville.

And in Baldwin, Alabama, Sheriff Taylor Wilkins said he believed there was a connection between the massive haul and the confiscation of seven tons of grass by his deputies the day before.

Arrested in the raids were: Larry Hargett, 28; Roger Sherman, 27; Ernest William, 25; Theo Fontias, 24; Jorge Soto, 24; Charles Martin, 23; William Northrup, 24; David Bateman, 31; Kenneth Taylor, 36; Raymond Hawkins, 29; Karen Hawkins, 19; Thomas Patton, 25; J. Raffield, 43; and two Mexicans identified only as Ruiz and Rodriguez.

The Tallahassee-St. Petersburg crescent has been the center of stepped up bust activity in recent months. Dropoff point for dope from the Caribbean and South American grass fields, its canals and waterways hum with activity 12 months a year. Earlier in 1973 officials seized seven and a half tons near St. Petersburg and ten tons near Steinatchee.

No Poster Child He . . .

Partly paralyzed Sylvester Giden, 43, has had his crutches taken away by Milwaukee police. According to police, Giden stored drugs inside the hallowed out aids and he has been charged with possession of herion and marijuana. In one crutch police found 14 tinfoil packets containing 7.5 grams of heroin and a bag containing 1.8 grams of marijuana in the other. Giden has been partly paralyzed following a stabbing accident.



"It kills me just to think about it! All those raids—hundreds and hundreds of pounds of confiscated pot! But did we ever see any of it? Oh, no—not us! . . ."

Cop Vs. Cop . . .

We've all heard cops who protest that they, too, smoke dope and hate to bust fellow smokers. Well, if they've been truthful, they may be hearing the same lament from other men in blue. For in some cities, incestuous interdepartmental busts are becoming common.

In New York City, police officer Samuel Fisher, 27, a Viet-Nam vet and five years a policeman, was acquitted of selling marijuana to an undercover detective. Fisher, who admitted on the stands that he smoked pot, was accused of selling one ounce of grass to Vincent Punzone in 1969.

According to police reports, Fisher sold the ounce for a whopping \$90. Fisher's lawyer, Harold Foner described Punzone as a "Judas who betrayed his friends" and argued that Punzone has busted Fisher and other former friends in order to save his own threatened

position. If he is exonerated in a departmental trial, Fisher intends to stay on the force.

In another New York City case, Officer Edward Vasquez was suspended for the sale of a small amount of marijuana to an undercover cop. Vasquez was the target of a month's investigation by New York's Organized Crime Bureau which linked him with Frank Valentine, a Sanitation Department employee, who was charged with selling two ounces of cocaine to another undercover cop.

Record Execs . . .

A Newark, New Jersey, federal Grand Jury is continuing its investigation into alleged payolla and drug trafficking within the recording industry. The investigation has centered on charges that record companies reportedly gave cash or drugs to disc jockeys to promote records.

The probe began last June, focusing on CBS records following the dismissal of its president Clive Davis. Davis, along with assistant David Wynshaw, has been accused of misuse of company funds. Wynshaw is reputedly connected with mobster Pasquale ("Pat") Falcone, who is now convicted of heroin trafficking.

Expense account records of major East Coast recording companies and radio stations were subpoenaed last August, CBS, Atlantic, and RCA, three companies figuring prominently in the inquiry, either would not comment or said there has been no communication between them and the U.S. Attorney's office in Newark since their records were subpoenaed. However, Leonard Saffir, press secretary to Sen. James Buckley (R-NY), said the Senator's staff, which began an independent inquiry last June, had turned over a "considerable amount" of information to the Newark investigators. He said the investigation "has been quiet for a long time because it's very complex, but based on our information to date and on conversations with people in the Justice Department, I think its still going to be a scandal of major proportions."

Marijuana: Wonder Drug?

Recent studies continue to indicate that marijuana is a medical "wonder drug".

It has been found effective in reducing tooth decay, acting as a pain killer, treating the symptoms of the common cold, and acting as an anaesthetic.

Now, the two most recent developments point to weed as a boon in relieving glaucoma and asthma.

In Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Dr. Frederick Blanton, 42, an eye surgeon and a respected member of the Fort Lauderdale medical community, defied federal authorities and fed marijuana brownies to glaucoma sufferers.

Glaucoma is a disease that damages the optic nerve when pressure builds up from fluid in the eye. It can cause blindness. One out of every twenty-five Americans suffers from glaucoma.

At first, Dr. Blanton sought federal approval.

"I tried to get permission, he explained, "But on some silly technicality they turned it down. I said I had to do it because I've got glaucoma patients going blind. This drug that everybody thinks is so horrible is perfect for glaucoma."

Dr. Blanton fed each of his fifty volunteers two brownies that contained over a gram of primo Jamaican. Volunteers ranged in age from 28 to 35 and included glaucoma sufferers and non-sufferers.

Blanton revealed that he developed the brownie method because he had found it hard to teach patients correct joint toking technique.

Interocular pressure was measured every hour and within one hour the pressures began to drop from 25 to 35 percent. It started rising after seven hours. A control group showed only a 5 percent fluctuation.

Blanton is pleased with his results.

"We can prevent glaucoma patients from getting field loss if we treat them in the first few years," he said. "Lowering the IOP may prevent further damage to the optic nerve. There are presently several drugs for this purpose but patients build up a resistance to them or get allergic reactions.

"Surgery often doesn't work either," he added.

How did Dr. Blanton's patients react to the unique experiment.

Blanton said 50 percent of his patients felt no unpleasant side-effects, while 46 percent felt a mild sensation. The remaining percent experienced disorientation or hypotension.

The Doctor feels that more study will reveal even more uses for the weed that was revered as a healing agent in ancient Chinese and Indian Empires.

"What we need is more government-backed, scientifically controlled studies to determine the true potential of these consciousness raising drugs," he said.

Certainly Dr. Frederick Blanton will not be alone in this call for more public support for pot research. With Dr. Blanton will be Dr. Donald Tashkin of the University of California in Los Angeles.

Dr. Tashkin reports that in a recent experiment 10 asthma patients were each given one joint to smoke. All 10 patients found their asthmatic conditions improved after just a few tokes.

Dr. Tashkin did not specify the variety of smoke employed.

Up until now the only limitation the use of pot to treat asthma victims was the suspicion that dope smoking might cause chronic bronchitis as a side effect. However his own experiences and recent studies indicate that this does not occur, and some researchers are now attempting to formulate a mixture that will be

almost entirely free of harsh elements.

Tests on Dr. Tashkin's patients disclosed that marijuana apparently causes air passages in the lungs of asthma victims to open up, making it easier for the patient to breathe normally.

Tashkin reports that several of the test patients contacted him after the experiment and said that they had acquired some dope on their own and smoked it during intense asthma attacks at night. They told the doctor that the severity of the attacks subsided as soon as they began smoking pot.

Latest Pot Scare Dismissed . . .

Another marijuana health scare was unveiled recently by a Columbia University College of Physicians & Surgeons researcher. Dr. Gabriel Naha and his team claim to have found a direct link between long-term marijuana smoking and inhibited production of white blood cells.

According to Naha's paper, which appeared in *Science Magazine*, Feb. 1, 1974, the constant doper is more susceptible to communicable diseases. The paper suggested a reconsideration of the Shafer commission's call for decriminalization of grass. It also calls on



Dr. Frederick Blanton in his Ft. Lauderdale office. He dared to use marijuana to treat glaucoma sufferers.

the medical profession to oppose any easing of marijuana penalties.

However, there was immediate heavy criticism of Nahas's experiments.

Keith Stroup of NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) charged that Nahas was a biased observer. For example, Stroup recalled, Nahas's recently published book, *Marijuana: Deceptive Weed*, claims a connection between marijuana and mental illness, even suicide, and contained such witty generalizations as "There is no such thing as a little marijuana."

"This guy is so extreme on the issue, we never bothered to take him seriously," said Stroup. He said that Nahas has become a familiar sight at state legislatures, testifying against liberalizing marijuana laws. And according to Stroup, the good doctor wants penalties for marijuana possession increased.

In eminent journals reception of "Weed" was antagonistic.

Dr. Norman Zinberg in the *Journal of Contemporary Drug Problems* compared Nahas's attitude with the film "Reefer Madness". Dr. Lester Grinspoon in the *New England Journal of Medicine* called "Weed" "the most biased account of cannabis since 1938." Grinspoon, the author of *Marijuana Reconsidered*, and a Harvard professor, accused Nahas of "pharmacological McCarthyism, which compels him to use half truths, innuendo, and unverifiable assertions . . ."

As for his much publicized latest findings at Columbia, Nahas is ducking brickbats for his shoddy methodology and lame conclusions. According to Nahas, habitual pot smoking weakens the body's immune defenses against diseases and inhibits the division of cells that specialize in these defenses. The findings represent the first direct evidence of cellular damage from marijuana in man."

However, critics point out that Nahas's study merely investigated the behavior of blood cells taken from marijuana smokers when the cells were subjected to foreign substances *in test tubes*. It did not investigate the real health of marijuana smokers themselves.

More seriously, Nahas ignored the proofs of the only long-term study investigating the actual health of long-term marijuana smokers. The so-called

Jamaica Study, sponsored by the National Institute of Health found no variance in smokers and non-smokers,



"Well, how about if I do a study correlating marijuana use with dandruff ... bad breath? ... lint?"

and refutes Nahas's claim that marijuana smokers work less efficiently when stoned.

Nahas's claims were widely heralded by the media, but no steps have been taken to offer equal time to critics of Nahas. And despite criticism from such prestigious groups as the Drug Abuse Council of his releasing results in a ballyhooed press conference, the major networks and newspapers have not moved to supply the public with possible refutations of Nahas's findings.

Productivity And Paranoia

A study in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* has revealed that Laotian opium smokers exhibit none of the social deviance often associated with opium use in the West.

J. Westermeyer, who studied 40 Laotian smokers, attributes the difference to cultural factors. He notes that opium is a stable cash crop in Laos, with resultant low cost and easy availability. Most important, little social opprobrium is attached to the user.

Opiate Receptors Isolated

A Stanford Medical Center research team working with mice has isolated the brain molecules involved in drug addiction. Called opiate receptors, the molecules are like locks into which drugs neatly fit. The key for the opiate receptor is morphine. When heroin is taken it is converted into morphine and in turn acts on nerve cells. Opiate receptors are found almost exclusively in nervous system tissue, such as the brain or the spinal cord.

In the Stanford study, which was financed by grants from the National

Institute on Drug Abuse and the Drug Abuse Council of Washington D.C., mouse brain fragments were used to isolate and partially purify the receptor molecule that combined with a narcotic drug closely related to morphine. The researchers pointed out that mice and rats can become addicted to narcotics like humans and suffer withdrawal symptoms.

With better knowledge of the workings of the opiate receptors, science may be able to devise a nonaddictive pain reliever.

The Two Nostrils Of Eve

According to Solomon H. Synder in "Madness and the Brain," cocaine psychosis is virtually indistinguishable from acute paranoid schizophrenia. In fact many patients have been misdiagnosed as schizoid until their history of cocaine addiction became known. Pass the tray, Dr. Watson.

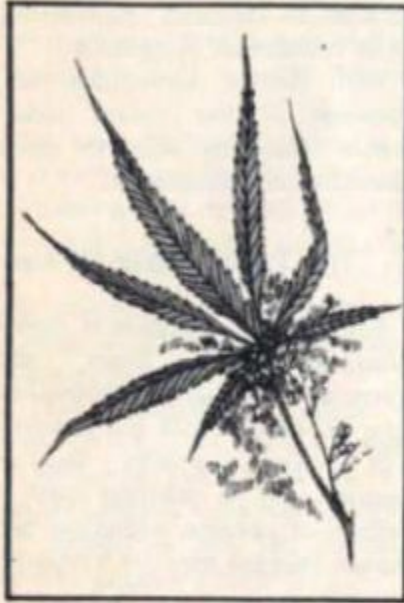
Peking Turkey

A Detroit hospital has begun acupuncture treatment for heroin addicts. Officials at Henry Ford Hospital say the Chinese needle treatment won't cure heroin addiction, but will lessen the painful symptoms of narcotics withdrawal.

It is expected that acupuncture will enable addicts to gradually withdraw from the effects of the drug until he is free of his dependence. Two women addicts are now receiving the treatment from Dr. Jerome Stewart, an osteopath who has been practicing acupuncture for two years.

So This Is Abnormal?

Two Toronto researchers have found empirical evidence for the potheads claim that he can control his high. In the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology* H. Cappell and P. Pliner detail how they played taped music and asked marijuana-intoxicated test subjects to estimate the length of time the music lasted. The subjects had been warned that marijuana distorts the sense of time, but were told to try to overcome this effect. They did so successfully.



Cannabis sativa



Cannabis indica



Cannabis ruderalis

New Pot Defense Aired

A promising new pot defense tactic has been successfully used in a case in Florida.

A surprising "three cannabis" defense was raised in a possession case before Circuit Judge Ellen Morphonios Rowe, renowned as a harsh jurist. The three lawyer team admitted that their client, Ruby D. Wilcox, was in possession, but challenged the prosecution to prove that she was, in fact, in possession of *cannabis sativa*, which is stipulated in Florida Statute 404.

Assistant Public Defender Tom Morgan and private attorneys Richard Essen and Benjamin Alter called as a defense witness Dr. Richard Evans Schultes, world authority on botanic hallucinogens and Harvard professor.

Schultes told the court that, contrary to the assumptions of U.S. law, there is not one species of marijuana, but three or four (*cannabis sativa*, *cannabis indica*, *cannabis ruderalis*). After the leaves are broken, revealed Schultes, there is no test known to science that will identify one from the other. He noted that the standard police test for marijuana—dousing it with a chemical that turns

bright purple—produces exactly the same result in all three cannabis types.

Police chemist Ed Whittaker was unable to refute the eminent Dr. Schultes and the jury returned a verdict of innocent after 90 minutes deliberation.

Because Ms. Wilcox was interested in a simple acquittal, the case did not reach Appellate or the Supreme Court, and thus did not become legal precedent, leaving time for legislators to revise statutes to read "all kinds of cannabis".

However, Morgan—Essen—Alter report a tremendous rush of interest in their strategy. Up until now, the traditional defense in pot cases has been to argue illegal search and seizure or claim "no possession" at the time of arrest.

The "three cannabis" defense is the most imaginative to date, placing an added burden of proof on the prosecution.

However, there are indications that the "three cannabis" defense is not being universally accepted in courts and may boomerang on the defendant. In Aluchua County, Florida, Dr. Schultes testimony was ruled irrelevant. Circuit Court Judge Theron A. Yawn said the testimony of the botanist was irrelevant and immaterial to the issues in the trial of Joel David Dearth, his wife Christine Ann Dearth, and William David Craig-

head. The three were arrested and charged with the possession and sale of 153 pounds of marijuana.

And in Passaic, New Jersey, Charles Cherepak, a part-time botanist was arrested on charges of growing a marijuana plant among his other plants.

His defense contended that New Jersey tests for marijuana have been inaccurate, using chemicals that register positive to other plant substances, including thyme, which have no trace of cannabis. It was Cherepak's contention that the state has been busting innocent people for holding legal plant substances.

The court did not accept his defense. His case is now being appealed.

Supreme Court O.K.'s Car Searches

By David Michaels

On December 11, 1973, The Supreme Court of the United States announced its decision in the case of *United States v. Robinson*. In 1968, Mr. Robinson's car was stopped by police in the District of Columbia, and heroin was found in his pocket when he was searched after being arrested as

an unlicensed operator. The Federal District Court of Appeals had reversed his heroin conviction, holding that the search violated defendant's rights under the Fourth Amendment (471 F. 2d 1082 [1972]). The Government argued that because Robinson had been properly arrested, the search was proper as a "search incident to arrest" and the Supreme Court agreed. The *Robinson* decision, and its similar companion, *Gustafson v. Florida*, thus potentially represents a major expansion of police power to search, but many questions remain as to the extent of that power.

Mr. Justice Rehnquist, in his majority decision, reasoned that the "arrest" for a driving violation was fully the equivalent of a custodial arrest for crime, and the search was thus justified as incidental to the arrest, but civil libertarians are concerned that the *Robinson* decision could lead police to search drivers on the merest suspicion, and later attempt to justify a resulting possession arrest on the false grounds that they had stopped the driver for some trivial driving error, "arrested," him and searched pursuant to such "arrest." A dissent by Mr. Justice Marshall, joined by Justices Douglas and Brennan, relied upon the need for case by case judicial determination of the reasonableness of warrantless searches:

The majority's approach represents a clear and marked departure from our long tradition . . . "The Scheme of the Fourth Amendment becomes meaningful only when it is assured that at some point the conduct of those charged with enforcing the laws can be subjected to the more detached, neutral scrutiny of a judge . . .

(Quoting *Terry v. Ohio*, 392 U.S. 1, 21 [1968]).

Thus, while prior authority held that routine traffic violations did not

constitute "arrests" so as to justify searches incident thereto, *Robinson* suggests that it may now be considered constitutionally "reasonable" for police to have the authority to search anyone issued a traffic summons.

Several major questions remain, however. In his concurring opinion in the companion case, Mr. Justice Stewart noted that . . .

A persuasive claim might have been made in this case that the custodial arrest of the petitioner for a minor traffic offense violated his rights under the Fourth and Fourteenth Amendments. But no such claim has been made. Instead the petitioner has fully conceded the constitutional validity of his custodial arrest.

Hence, the case can perhaps be taken to hold only that where custodial arrest is valid, the search is valid. It is by no means clear that custodial arrest is always valid for routine traffic infractions.

It should be noted that the offenses here were "crimes" (as driving without a proper license would be in New York and many states) but that most driving violations are not crimes, and thus may not present the same permissible search.

It should also be noted that the decision does not overturn the higher standards of many states (including New York) which would prohibit searches for routine driving infractions. It merely defines the minimum Federal Constitutional standards, and state statutes will prevail in state and local prosecutions where more restrictive standards are set by statute.

Thus, while any Supreme Court decision which expands the right of police to search must be taken as ominous, the *Robinson* and *Gustafson* decisions are not necessarily determinative. And even where they can apply, they can apply, absent independent basis to search others, only to a search of the driver.



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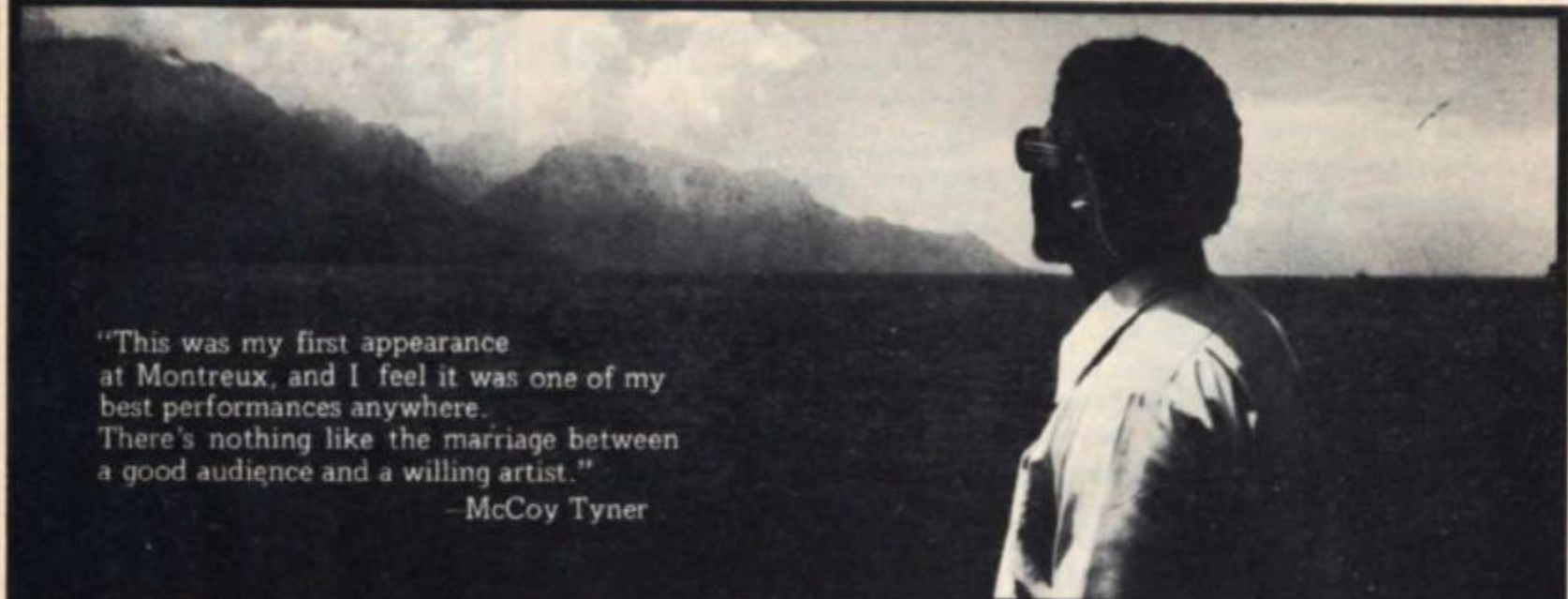
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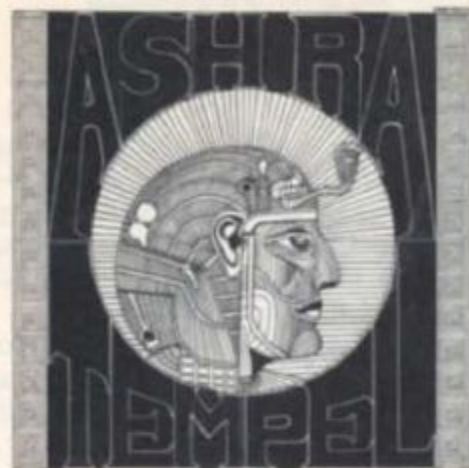
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I'VE
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Ash Rah Tempel

(Ohr Records—imported)

The German underground music scene has grown in proportion to the onslaught of British and American pop culture. While the German airwaves are given over to the Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, the Beach Boys and Grand Funk Railroad, authentic German groups like Ash Rah Tempel, Tangerine Dream, Can, Guru-Guru, and Amon Duul are staging a small counterattack with a heavy dose of bizarre electronic teutonic boogie. While they blitz the listener with a heavy barrage of mindbending feedback, it is more than just a rehash of the Jefferson Airplane, circa 1967. Like vintage Airplane, they try to stuff all cosmos and creation into one song, but there is a sophisticated basis of advanced electronic music behind it all.

Amidst this fledgling and still largely unappreciated new underground scene, Ash Rah Tempel is a supergroup. One of their first steps into the spotlight was *Seven-Up*, an album produced by then-exiled Tim Leary. He slipped out of his haven in Switzerland into Austria to work on the album, shortly before being nabbed in Afghanistan. *Seven-Up* attempts a musical metaphor for Leary's hypothesized seven levels of consciousness as explained in *Neurologic*. It's an interesting record, but it helps to be very stoned to enjoy it.

A later record, entitled *Macht Das*, begins a climb out on a long limb. A journey through some turbulent brain

juices, it consists of two long cuts per side. They are thick going, indeed, encompassing every electronic sound known to modern science. This record is not for a quiet evening at home, although it is thoroughly melodious. But it's heavy-handed, and some may feel it more suited as background music to a lobotomy.

Their best album, *Schwingungen*, is an exercise in alienation, psychic disturbance and ontology dished up full steam. Wailing guitar is laced with primitive chanting, ritualistic drums, and the whole thing is finally set upon by a guitar-driven feedback climax. The lead guitar work is a superb example of the classic "psychedelic" ax work.

The total effect is utterly mind warping. Whether the long-term effects are harmful to health has not yet been determined. Certainly, their music is not suitable for dancing; it demands total attention to be appreciated. And the lyrics are very simple, unlike the music:

"We are all one! We are all one! We are all one!"

That doesn't begin to make sense unless you're very, very stoned. And just about anything makes sense then.

Folkways Records and Service Corporation, NYC, USA, FR 8975

Mushroom Ceremony of the Mazatec Indians of Mexico



Mushroom Ceremony of the Mazatec Indians of Mexico

(Folkways FR 8975)

Author Gordon Wasson and his partner-wife Dr. Valentina Wasson traveled to Huautla de Jimenez in the Mazatec mountains of Oaxaca in 1956,

searching for a shaman who would consent to be recorded performing the mushroom rite. A Mazatec Indian named Maria Sabina consented, and on July 21-22 they tape-recorded her fourth performance. Unfortunately, as Wasson relates in the album enclosure, the ceremony was a failure. However, this does not detract from the primitive power and overwhelming spirituality of the recording.

Wasson, the author of the eminent *Soma*, is an ethno-mycologist, or, more simply, a student of the role wild magic mushrooms have had on various human cultures. He has roamed from Lapland to India to Mexico, studying the myth and magic of mushroom cults and their rites.

The Mazatecs live in the foothills of northern Oaxaca, a savagely beautiful area where the wild mushroom they call *nti si tho* grows abundantly. The mushroom attains its greatest size in June and July when the rainfall is heaviest; the Mazatecs look for the mushroom where cattle have been because it grows abundantly in manure. The mushroom is brownish in color and the Mazatecs do not dry it when preparing it for ritual consumption.

Maria Sabina, says Wasson, was a woman "with presence, of outstanding spiritual power and integrity." She was successful in her first three, unrecorded performances. Wasson describes from "the Divine Spirit had descended among us and spoke with us through the mushroom, which means of course through the mouth of Maria Sabina under the influence of the mushroom.

The possession of Maria Sabina by a spirit is gentle and wise, not the violent and blasphemous demonic possession of *the Exorcist*. The Mazatecs believe that the *nti si tho* is "Jesus himself" speaking to their souls, their vision are paradisaical and calm, the only frenzy being a deepening of attachment between the spirit and the revealer.

It is quintessential song. The melody is deceptively simple, consisting of childlike snatches reminiscent of "Merrily We Roll Along", "Do Re Mi", and "Three Blind Mice". The

lyrics, however, are utter rock n' roll. The wise woman and her Divine correspondent sing lyrics like the following, translated from Mazatec:

I'm a spirit woman/I'm an atmosphere woman/I'm a spirit woman/I'm an atmosphere woman/I'm a day woman/I'm a clean woman/I'm a doll woman/I'm Jesus Christ.

From within her religious background and molded with the vegetable knowledge of the mushroom is the shaman's stark realization of herself and her divinity:

I'm a doctor woman/I'm a wise in the way of plants woman/I'm the moon woman/I'm a doctor woman/I'm an interpreter woman.

Maria Sabina gently coaxes forth her song, allowing gaps to penetrate an almost continuous chant; gaps where she reaches up into the power of the mushroom and seeks inspiration.

Wasson claims the performance recorded was unsuccessful because the mushroom supply was insufficient and those that were consumed were not in good condition. Nevertheless, Maria Sabina's transit through the realm of the spirits retains its simple potency. Like Carlos Casteneda's Yaqui Indian *brujo*, Don Juan, Maria Sabina of the Mazatecs overwhelms with her total earthiness and ingenuousness. The way to spiritual transcendence must lay warm within the heart of the simple people of this planet and their union with its fruits.

e.d.



Tubular Bells
(Virgin 13-105)

Tubular Bells has gained new notoriety by being chosen the "theme" of *The Exorcist*. Earlier ravings about Oldfield's mindboggling 247 separate overdubs had dropped *Tubular Bells* into an unenviable pigeonhole that the choice by filmmakers William Peter Blatty and William Friedken served to shut. It

became known as the most ethereal and otherworldly album to date.

Put satanic chic and electrical dodaddery aside. Esoteric categories are no great shake: they turn more good people off than on. However, *Tubular Bells* is estatic listening, with only a few moments of disappointment. On disappointments we won't dwell. Let it suffice to note that Oldfield has a slightly uninspired guitar style and his sense of the dramatic turns hammy at times.

What virtuoso Oldfield has accomplished is a generally unobtrusive meld of musical and para-musical instruments — captivating, soothing, mesmerizing, yet never comatose. An academic might be tempted to discourse on allusions to Ravel, Satie and Stockhausen and others that slip easily through the ether.

Bag that line of appreciation, my friend, and open your skull like a greedy Japanese sponge: let the bells tickle your past like a thousand midnight chimeras.

And if you feel possessed, don't dial the rectory. It is only music working.

e.d.



Music of the Mantric Wave

(Unanimous Anonymous 999, \$6.40 from Box 699, Lenox Hill Sta., N.Y.C. 10021)

Collective Star describes itself in a note accompanying "Music of the Mantric Wave" as "a collective spirit . . . aiming at a common ideal. There is to be no single star in the group, because they all must act in harmony to achieve their goal, which is to create through a combination of musical formulas the essential mantra for our time."

In more mundane terms, Collective Star is nine men playing an assortment of electric and non-electric, modern and ancient, instruments in a fashion that smacks of both jazz, rock, modern classicism and 19th century mood romanticism. The music is expansive, though somewhat unpolished. It moves in several directions

simultaneously, pressing the boundaries of harmony and beat.

The lyrics are actually chants chosen from several religious sources. These chants are blended together to form the most effective presentation of an abstract notion, such as bliss, unity, praise etc.

Blending is the essential character of *Music of the Mantric Wave*; melodies are broken and diverted, making way for a new melody that also retreats. The effect is wavelike, moving on the crest of many styles to achieve a common musical bond between all tastes, all egos.

Thus the goal of Collective Star. To create a mantra that encompasses a common energy in music. The goal is within grasp in this album.



Queen
(Elektra EKS-75064)

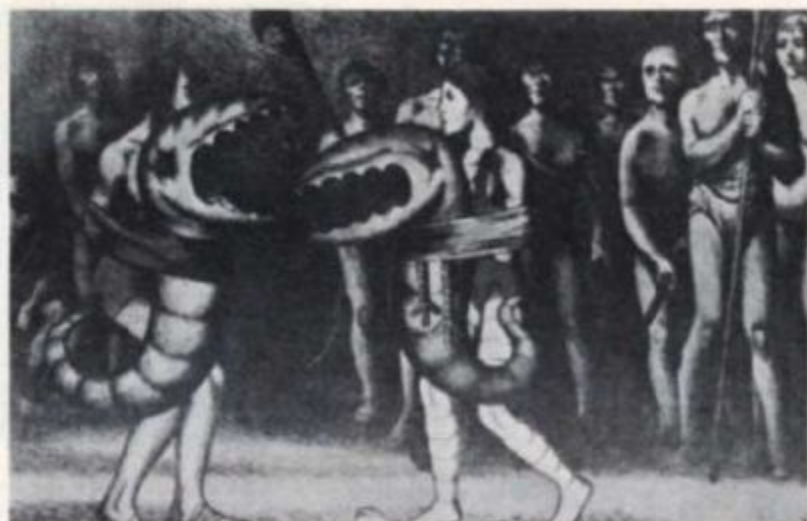
Personality is important in rock, or so it appears. Every successful acts parlays its personalities. Makeup and macho become as integral as competence.

Looking at the shots of Queen camping it up, lots of antique coke spoons couture and scads of ostrich feathers tickling briton chins, I think, "Oh no." But *Keep Yourself Alive* hits home like the primo boogie music it is, all rush and sensuality. Queen never forgets why they are there—to rock and roll.

Despite first impressions, Queen is not another Top 40 transtasteless shuck. Their music has personality: flash to the hilt and glitter flakes. Yet they maintain grace. This is because they are attentive to every detail. However, this first album does seem over-produced; some music sounds as if it were filtered through a bucket of dirty dish water.

Sounding something like a hybrid between the Rolling Stones, Led Zepelin and The Who, Queen's trademark is sophisticated changes and complex arrangements. They should continue to produce the sort of top shelf music as is contained in this first album and go on to become a genuine super-group.

Movies



Two Oms battle to the death in *Fantastic Planet*.

Fantastic Planet

Fantastic Planet is both a marvel and a challenge. An utter delight for eyes, ears and imagination, the French-Czech animated production is a fantasy, a hybrid that mixes such potent themes as genocide, slavery, sex, and exile with a deft artistic hand.

The style and technique of director Rene Laloux and Graphics Master Roland Topor hail back to Beatrix Potter and Kate Greenway. There is a profusion of pastels and intense detail as are only found in antique children's books. But the scenario is futuristic, filled with such crawling, growing and flying oddities as fish-birds, laughing killer plants and regiments of astrally projected monads sailing over an infinite landscape.

Unlike most American animation, *Fantastic Planet* does not lurch spastically from one cheap effect to another. Topor's crew of 25 cartoonists employed the European method of removeable or hinged paper joints on every detail in every frame to glide the film through its paces like a ripple of watercolors before the inner eye.

Written by Laloux and Topor, based on a Steven Wul novel, the story is that of the narrator, Ter, an Om captured as an infant by several young Draags and raised as a domestic pet. Themes begin to attach themselves immediately.

In a strange land overhung by the hugh "fantastic planet" the giant Draags, serene and civilized amphibious-looking humanoids with blue skin and ruby-red eyes, chase and kill, or domesticate the "savage" Oms, the tiny

humans who live in the trees and caves of the Draag "park".

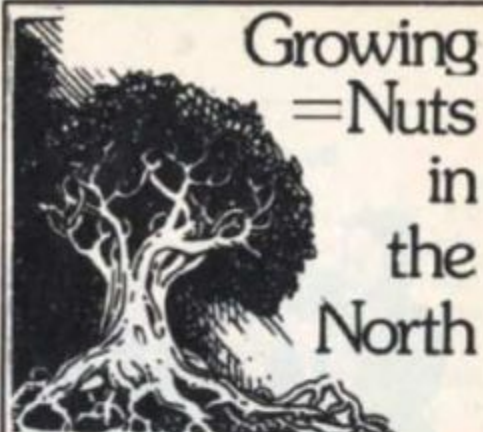
The Oms, who are the human remnants of a cataclysm on the Fantastic Planet, are victims of occasional "de-omizations" or slaughters conducted by the Draags, who consider them pests. Ter grows to manhood and escapes the Draags, taking with him a stolen learning device that contains all the wisdom of the Draags. He settles with the "savage" Oms who live in the "big tree" in the park. He brings them knowledge and, in turn, he finds love. (The exotic nighttime mating ritual of the Oms is enchanting).

The story moves swiftly, effortlessly; the mood is a consistent calculated low key. This causes some mild disappointment in the telescoped events of the final third, wherein is crowded the great de-omization, the killing of a Draag, the Oms' escape to the Fantastic Planet and a rather anti-climactic conclusion.

Audiences accustomed to the big-bang endings of recent American animation may be unsatisfied by the somewhat laissez-faire pacificism of the narrator's final remarks.

Fantastic Planet may, hopefully, set a precedent. Feature length animated films since Disney's much overrated *Fantasia* seem to be divided between strident platoons, like *Fritz the Cat*, or the blithe acrobatics of *Yellow Submarine*. Laloux and Topor have managed to stir the mind into self awareness without brutalizing it with flabby similes, and they have also been intelligent enough to entertain the eye without dulling the brain.

e.d.



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By Michael Shedlin, David Wallechinsky and Saunie Salyer • Published by AND/OR PRESS



Scores of notable people have written about their experiences under the influence of nitrous oxide. Coleridge said that it provided "more unmingled pleasure than I had ever before experienced." Dreiser wrote a one act play about it, Ginsberg, a poem. From Roget to the Grateful Dead, from Samuel Colt to the Jefferson Airplane, from Churchill to Corso, from Robert Southey to Ken Kesey, from 1792 to 1974, truth seekers and free spirits have used laughing gas to induce ecstasy and revelation.

Laughing gas has such extraordinary psychological and psychic powers that it was once called "the air of paradise". Currently used in medicine as a general anesthetic, laughing gas was originally used as a mind expanding refreshment by scientists and poets in the early 19th Century. It wasn't until the mid-1800's that its anesthetic properties were discovered and it became established as a common medical drug. The book *Laughing Gas*, is the only work presently available that discusses nitrous oxide as a mind agent rather than as a surgical anesthetic. The editors have collected essays, documents and photographs which will certainly lead to a re-evaluation of this mysterious and remarkable substance.

The book is not necessarily designed to be read from beginning to end. It is a collection, not an essay. The first section reports the findings of the East Bay Chemical Philosophy Symposium. It deals with the history of nitrous oxide, its pharmacology, its effects, its relation to Surrealism and recommendations for safe inspirations. A "Dr. Atomic" comic strip by Larry Todd tells how to make and use nitrous oxide. The second section presents historical speculations on laughing gas, beginning in 1799 with Sir Humphrey Davy, the first person to inhale nitrous oxide. Perhaps the most articulate description of the psychedelic effects are those by William James, who wrote in 1882: "With me, as with every other person of whom I have heard, the keynote of the experience is the tremendously exciting sense of an intense metaphysical illumination."

The sources for the book include: personal experimentation, research in general medical libraries and specialized anesthesiology libraries all over the country, taped discussions with persons under the influence of the gas, visits to laughing gas factories, interviews with legions of frequent and occasional users. The East Bay Chemical Philosophy Symposium has established an international network of authoritative and lay correspondents. Among them are anesthesiologists, medical historians, free thinkers, and official university drug research advisors who have investigated the use of nitrous oxide.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

DAVID WALLECHINSKY is co-author of *Chico's Organic Gardening and Natural Living*, and director of the film *Gas*, which was shown at the 1971 Venice Film Festival. He is currently co-editing *The Peoples' Almanac*, to be published by Doubleday in 1975.

SAUNIE SALYER is co-editor of *Women and Film* magazine, a tri-annual journal of theory, reviews, interviews and resource information for media-oriented people.

MICHAEL SHEDLIN has published film criticism in *Film Quarterly*, *Take One* and *Women and Film*, as well as writings on various subjects in *Rolling Stone*, the *LA Free Press*, the *LA Staff*, and the *San Francisco Chronicle*.



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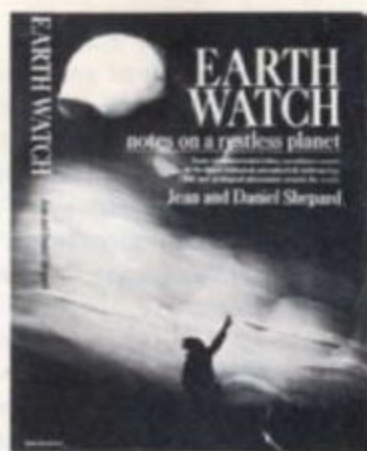
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Earth Watch

(Doubleday)

The "spaceship earth" notion has enjoyed a tremendous vogue on campuses in the last five years. Buckminster Fuller freaks and pseudo-Skinnerian environmentalists are as rieur on major campuses as blissed-out gurunoids. Nor have armchair academics ignored the prospect of a completely programmed earth, ripe with cybernetic analogies and time-released freedom. One sometimes wishes for these parlour prophets to be hogtied and run off the plank of our floating pill. The crime: ignorance.

Earth Watch is an antidote to these human-centered maunderings. It is subtitled "notes on a restless planet" and is a compilation of the freakish and frightening phenomena nature served up, unannounced and unbidden, during the years 1967-73. The events in *Earth Watch* were originally documented by the Center for Short-Lived Phenomenon in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a clearing house for information on natural events, established by the Smithsonian Institution.

Jean and Daniel Shepard have selected from the Center's files phenomenon both amusing and frightening (depending on your perception). *Earth Watch* is divided into four categories: Earth Sciences Events, Biological Sciences Events, Astrophysical Events, Urgent Anthropological Events. It begins appropriately enough with descriptions of the volcanic eruptions, ice slides and earth sinks visited upon humankind. Biological Sciences Events are the most bizarre and deflating to the human ego; they include the Malaysian Frog Wars of 1970, the St.

Louis spider invasion of 1969, the Appalachian squirrel migration of 1968, the Massachusetts red tide of 1972, the Florida beached whale craze of 1970.

The cowardly departure of Comet Kohoutek makes the Tunis fireball of 1969 and the Veracruz fireball of 1968 all the more paramount as visible, real manifestations of cosmic intrusion on this thin-skinned onion earth. They, along with the Kiffa meteorite and the Allende meteorite shower are grouped under Astrophysical Events.

Urgent Anthropological Events include the discovery of the Tasaday Forest people in the Philippines, the discovery of the soon-to-be-extinct Guajaki Indian tribes of Paraguay, and a rare bone find some 30,000 years old in Missouri.

There are seven color plates and nineteen black and white plates to be studied and enjoyed.

Earth Watch attempts no heavy-duty, labored reasoning of these events. It presents them all in their intrusive glory and viciousness. The conclusion and the beauty are left to the reader.



Head East: Travel Cheap! 50¢ — \$2 A Day Istanbul To Katmandu

(Head Guide Publications, Box 414, W. Somerville, Mass. 02144)

We all hear enough about the heavy busts and the bad times that young travelers encounter in the Middle East

and Far East. Bust notes litter the media landscape with Turkish horror stories and Iranian executions. *Head East* does not close its stoned lids and insist bummers don't crop up. It's honest and straightforward, and will tell you how to come off and where. It pulls few punches.

But a punch can be landed in different ways. And it should be followed with a sincere kiss. That's *Head East*. A flurry of colorful visions and outrageously delightful tastes of life in Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Sikkim and Nepal. The three authors are sirens, luring you to high adventure in high places.



Like the grand bazaar in Kabul, where you can purchase delicate chunks of carved lapis lazuli for a dollar. Or the fabulous Persian carpets of Tehran, very cheap. The pastry, fruit and fried delicacies bought for a few pennies in old Istanbul. Mountain trekking in the Himalayas above moonlit Kathmandu. And the Nepalese hash festivals, ancient temples brimming with incense, gobs of opiate hashish and beautiful people.

Head East charts your journey from west to east, and back, carefully outlining the legal trips that must be accommodated for easy passage. Weather, foreign foods, health care, American Express offices, consulates and the black market money exchange are discussed. And the authors are particularly careful to suggest ways the western tourist can avoid cultural collisions (short skirts or booze are big no-no's at any mosque).

Head East even touches on the venerable Asian custom of "back-shee", or, literally, "a gift from a richer person to a poorer person". We call it bribery. But it's a damn sight more exotic in the bazaar at Hangtok, Sikkim, than at Key Biscayne.

The book is a compact 5" by 4"; easy to slip into your Levi's or into a side pocket of your Kelty. It's bright yellow so it can't get lost.

PLUTO

A new book on the mysterious planet,
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- ◆ Pluto ephemeris 1851-2000

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PLUTO by Laurel Lowell
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Butter has been a staple of fine cooking for thousands of years; in fact Biblical admonitions are given that a diet of honey and clarified butter is the regimen of a heaven seeking man.

Expert cooks and amateurs alike agree that butter can prove the deciding factor in a recipe. The proper butter is essential.

And so in this age of experimentation combined with exacting tastes *High Times* offers a butter that will elevate the quality of your foods as well as elevate your consciousness.

Hash/Grass butter can be the sunshine on an early morning slice of toast or the delicate blush of flavor in a sauce bernaise. Its taste is unobtrusive and its uses as many as there are uses for dairy fresh butter. The flavor says butter, but your head says more.

take 1 lb. fresh creamery butter
add 1 oz. high quality marijuana
or

1/3 oz. hashish (Unopiated hash or kif only)

If using marijuana, clean carefully all to be added, removing sticks and stems, leaving only cannabis-rich flowers and leaves. If using hashish, slice the hashish in thin slivers or crush gently with a butter knife. These steps will insure quick absorption by the butter.

cook together for 1/2 hour, slowly and evenly over medium flame until the hash or grass is assimilated.

Combine small amounts of sugar or a favorite spice (e.g., cinammon) since the smell of the new butter is somewhat earthy and may need adjusting to tastes

The hash/grass butter should be refrigerated in a Tupperware or plastic jar and allowed to thicken. It can be used for cooking baking or broiling.

Some suggestions: Quiche Lorraine; Charlotte Basque (Almond Custard with Chocolate); Biscuit Au Beurre (Butter Spongecake)

Recipes for the above can be found in any informed French cookbook. Each requires a good amount of butter and will be enhanced by the use of hash/grass butter.

In Japan

The Japanese are inclined to pay inflated prices for almost anything Western they have heard of. For example, the Mona Lisa industry is swinging into full gear in Tokyo, where what is probably the world's most famous painting will soon go on show. There are already reproductions in calendars, jig-saw puzzles and dresses. One department store is featuring a Mona-Lisa look-alike and cartoonists have depicted her defying Tokyo's pollution with a gas mask concealing that enigmatic smile. Goya's "Naked Maja" made vast profits for Japanese department stores while on loan from the West, as have several other occidental masterpieces, but this exhibition will be held at a Tokyo museum which proposes to charge about \$.65. All of which indicates clearly that Western art is booming in Japan. Hundreds of galleries in Tokyo are handling sales at \$300 million. One art critic says the figure is doubling annually.

And the Japanese are becoming increasingly price snobbish. A solid gold butane lighter sells for just over 1 million yen (\$3,700) and Persian kittens are on sale in Tokyo pet shops for \$400 apiece. Also the Social Research Institute reports that 800,000 people in Tokyo habitually wear jeans, 80,000 males let their hair grow down to their collars or longer, 200,000 have beards.

Although the Japanese are not particularly religious, almost half the population, about 50 million people, visited various temples and shrines in the first three days of 1974. And they are as interested in their physical well-being. Still on the weekly best-seller list is "The Method of Keeping Healthy", an Osaka professor's 47 recipes for cooking with garlic.

This Christmas season toilet paper, detergents and sugar replaced smoked salmon and imported liquor as the most popular Christmas presents in Tokyo department stores.

In General

Don't expect to be pampered on one of those overland tours arranged by

travel groups in London. The price arranged in Earl's Court is usually fine, but the journey is made in twenty seat four wheel drive, sometimes in torrid near equatorial heat . . . in Athens the cheapest and most adventurous bus to Germany and points west is Greg Williams 40 seater Magic Bus which stops every night beside lakes or rivers to camp out. In addition to the driver, the Magic Bus has a girl hostess to look after things and plenty of good music . . . Pastel buildings with an Imperial flair fill historic Helsinki and the recorded tour via bus to the Olympic pool sauna and showers is well worth the time. Finns like foreigners and love to rap, but gays aren't appreciated. Once you've met a honey the best night time trip is Suomenlinna Island. The ferry takes 20 minutes to perfect privacy and plenty of ocean and stars . . . British stores are notoriously cheap with bags. I can't count the times I've been sold a bag in a store so that the things I had paid for could be carried home . . . more to come later.

In Bangkok

Halfway along the colorful eastern Asia route lies the Malaysia Hotel in Bangkok. A former rest-and-recreation spot for war weary American GI's on leave from the Indo-China war, it is possessed of almost Hiltonian standards. After the American presence in the war began to phase out, another raison d'être was needed to keep the hotel alive and in a city crammed with cheap hotels that wasn't easy to do.

But gradually, the word spread along the freak trail that the Malaysia Hotel at 54 Ngam Duplee Road, Rama 4, Tel: 867263, had something special to offer. Now its name is legendary as a recuperation spot along a trail possessed of few luxuries for the money-short hitch-hiking fraternity.

Eastern Asia is much more an Australian nomads province than the Europeans. But unlike Europe, which has been thoroughly mined, eastern Asia's potential as a fresh's paradise is virtually unexplored. From Australia, it's a relatively simple route. Being

with Bali and head northwards through Java or Sumatra, Singapore, Penang, Burma, and ultimately you reach the end of state one—India.

However hard the journey may seem, the Malaysia Hotel will seem recompense enough to the culturally shocked Westerner. With 24-hour room service, air-conditioned rooms with telephones, a coffee shop and bar housing a rock-filled jukebox, a free bulletin board offering shared cross-country rides, free student press cards, and informal entertainment by wandering musicians and minstrels, the Malaysia's bargain rates (about \$5 daily double) are merely gilt on the lily.

Possibly the most potent attraction of them all is the swimming pool, still bearing the painted legend requesting guests to not bring their bargirl guests in the pool for "sanitary" reasons. The pool area is inhabited well into the night by the most incredible and attractive collections of bikini-clad nymphs and bearded young males within a thousand miles of Bangkok.

OTHER SCENES is the collective name for all items published by John & Amber Wilcock whose permanent address is BCM-OSCENES, London WC1V, U.K. Subscriptions begin with the *Witches' Almanac* each spring and run for one year, \$10. *Nomad*, included in the OS sub, appears irregularly and is available to non-subscribers at any time for \$1 for current issues; a *Nomad* press card "good for what you can get away with" is included for \$2.

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Trans-High Market Quotations



The Trans-High Market Quotations are intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way are meant as an inducement to illegal activity, nor as an endorsement of any drug or drug usage or trafficking.

The prices listed are the latest available from our stringers around the world. These prices do not necessarily reflect average prices, only particular prices as heard on particular (and widely varying) qualities and serial quantities. Should any readers be privy to more concise information, *High Times* welcomes anonymous reports. Prices are given in dollar equivalents.

U.S. prices vary according to region, quality, quantity, market conditions, supply and demand, law enforcement cycle intensity. It has been observed that drug availabilities and prices are approximately similar in nearby cities, so prices are given in groups, although specific prices may vary widely, depending on numerous uncontrollable factors. There are usually lesser availabilities and higher prices in surrounding smaller cities and towns.

NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA—BOSTON— BALTIMORE—WASHINGTON, D.C.—

Mexican commercial \$15-30/oz. ... \$130-200/lb. depending on quantity ... Mexican fine gold \$30-50/oz. ... \$150-400/lb., Jamaican commercial \$25-40/oz. ... 175-275/lb. depending on quantity ... Jamaican connoisseur level \$35-50/oz. ... \$200-325/lb. ... Columbian commercial \$35-50/oz. ... \$275-475/lb. depending on quantity and quality. ... Columbian connoisseur \$45-90/lz. ... \$400-900/lb. ... domestic \$10-25/oz. ... \$20-125/lb. ... domestic connoisseur \$20-40/oz. ... \$75-400/lb. ... Vietnamese \$45/oz. ... \$400/lb. ... lavender Thai sticks ... \$100-175/oz. ... \$700-2500/lb. ... Brazilian \$35-60/oz. ... \$325-850/lb. ... other exotic grasses available on occasion ... blonde lebanese \$800-1400/lb. (very fresh) ... ounces vary widely ... red lebanese \$700-1300/lb. ... Afghan \$1100-1700/lb. ... hash oil \$10-20/gm. ... \$3000-\$6000/lb. ... THC powder (pharmaceutical) \$300/gm. ... THC (actually PCP) \$20-100/gm. ... LSD \$1.50-\$3/hit, with drastic reductions for quantity ... cocaine \$50-100/gm. ... \$800/\$1800/oz. ... \$8000-\$20,000/lb. for Columbian, Peruvian \$15,000-20,000/lb. ... and the nickel and dime bag of scag is still on the streets, along with methadone at \$1-\$10/hit. Opium, quaaludes occasionally available ... Mushrooms \$350/lb. ... Hawaiian grass \$500-2200/lb.

CHICAGO—DETROIT—ANN ARBOR— MADISON—MILWAUKEE—COLUMBUS—

Prices on Mexican similar to New York City or lower ... Columbian prices higher and hard-to-get ... Jamaican prices higher and available ... exotic grasses very rare, but prices not much higher than NYC. Hash fairly available but prices somewhat higher ... Coke high, but generally available ... Other drugs available in their own scene, but prices higher than NYC.

ATLANTA—MIAMI—TAMPA— GAINESVILLE—NEW ORLEANS—

Prices on Mexican similar to New York City, or slightly lower ... Columbian prices much lower in quantity and very available ... Jamaican prices lower but availability more unsteady than Columbian ... exotic grasses fairly rare ... hash prices the same or higher but availability erratic ... coke cheaper in the South, with heroin, LSD and assorted pills about the same as NYC ... Mushrooms cheap when available.

KANSAS CITY—LAWRENCE—ST. LOUIS— OMAHA—OKLAHOMA CITY—

Prices on Mexican similar to New York City ... Columbian higher and availability unpredictable ... same on Jamaican ... hashish higher than New York City and availability irregular ... connoisseur levels available but scarce and high prices ... coke available ... heroin very irregular ... other drugs available in their own scene, but prices higher than NYC. Domestic grasses available with some excellent domestics in Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa.

SAN FRANCISCO—BERKELEY—LOS ANGELES— SAN DIEGO—DENVER—BOULDER—

Mexican prices somewhat lower than New York City quotes, across the board ... Jamaicans and Columbians slightly higher to much higher, occasionally lower in weight ... exotic grasses available in connoisseur circles, with California-grown Columbians a strong corner ... coke similar to NYC ... a wide variety of other drugs available, from hash oil to ibogaine to magnesium pemoline (memory drug) at decent prices ... LSD cheap and readily available ... some real mescaline ... mushrooms around ... peyote buttons \$0.50-\$1.00/button, depending on quantity and condition ... MDA around at \$25/gm. Hawaiian grass \$500-1000/lb.

AUSTIN—DALLAS HOUSTON—ALBUQU— TAOS—PHOENIX—TUCSON—EL PASO—

Mexicans commercials from \$20-100/lb. depending on quantity and quality ... Mexican top grades scarce but available cheaper than NYC ... Columbian and Jamaican very rare and more expensive than NYC ... coke around and high ... Mexican heroin around and potent ... peyote buttons \$0.25-\$1.00/button depending on quantity and condition ... mushrooms very rare ... opium occasionally available around \$50/gm. ... domestic around but not competitive with commercial Mexican ... other drugs available in their own scene, including methedrine, ... at approximately NYC prices.

EUGENE—PORTLAND—SEATTLE— BUTTE—CHEYENNE—FARGO—

Mexicans as high or higher than NYC ... Columbian and Jamaican rare and high ... coke rare and high ... heroin on Coast, and potent ... hash oil very available in Eugene and Portland ... some domestic but quality ragged ... mushrooms around \$75/lb near Seattle ... other drugs available in their scene, but scenes are small.

NASHVILLE—MOBILE—CHARLESTON— MEMPHIS—RALEIGH—

Mexican, Jamaican and Columbians similar or cheaper than NYC across the board ... MDA available ... coke around and about the same as NYC ... LSD rare ... exotic grasses hard-to-get. ...

MISCELLANEOUS:

Mauili and Kauili grasses are excellent buys in all parts of Hawaii, as is homegrown Matanuska Valley grass in Alaska ... Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands are surprisingly short on grass and other drugs, while Guam has plentiful Thai dynamite.

Trans-High Market Quotations

AMSTERDAM—	Congoese black grass (excellent) \$100/oz. . . . brown Moroccan hashish (fair) \$400/lb. . . . brick red Lebanese (good) \$500/lb. . . . Sandoz THC (white powder) \$200/oz. . . . LSD (excellent blue tabs) \$2/apiece . . . cocaine \$50/gm. (when obtainable)
ATHENS—	Turkish dark hash (superior) \$350 lb.—\$10/oz. . . . Afghani chocolate hash (rich and intoxicating) \$125/lb. . . . Paki hash (good) \$60/lb.
BANGKOK—	Lowland grass (still fine) \$25/lb. . . . lavender Thai (carefully manicured) \$50/lb.—\$1/stick. . . . Burmese Shan opium (a gift from God) \$65/lb.
BEIRUT—	Brick red Lebanese (hard and good) \$2/oz.—\$25/lb. . . . hard Lebanese blond \$1.50/oz.—\$20/lz. . . . hard green Lebanese \$1.50/oz.—\$20/lb. . . . dark red (waxy) Lebanese (excellent) \$30/lb.
BOGOTA (COLOMBIA)—	Lowland bushy (greenish brown tops) \$25/lb. . . . mountain grown mota \$50/lb. . . . Santa Marta red \$40/lb. . . . Chiba (black) \$35/lb. . . . Cocaine—80% pure rock, \$1500/lb. . . . mother-of-pearl (outrageous high) \$3000/lb. . . . Quaaludes \$80/1000.
BOMBAY—	Bombay black hashish (opiated jungle treat) \$1/oz.—\$10/lb. . . . dhagathewari hashish (brown balls) \$20/lb. . . . black tar opium (excellent) \$1/oz.
CAPETOWN (SOUTH AFRICA)—	Home grown veldt special grass (excellent) \$200/lb.—\$30 . . . Congoese black grass (potent) \$50/oz.—\$400/lb. . . . assorted Lebanese hashish \$900—1000/lb. . . . Moroccan hash (fair) \$750/lb.
CHRISTCHURCH, (N.Z.)—	Thai grass (incredible) \$200/lb.—\$25/oz. . . . lavender Thai (Asian knockout) \$350/lb. . . . Nepalese Hash temple balls (unopiated) \$800/lb. . . . LSD (unobtainable).
HONG KONG—	Vietnamese grass \$60/oz.—\$500/lb. . . . opium \$4/oz.—\$50/lb. . . . brown heroin (pure) \$750/lb.
ISTANBUL—	Opium (good and dreamy) \$100/lb. . . . Turkish heroin (French refined) \$1000/lb. . . . Turkish hash (brown and tasty) \$40/lb.
KABUL, (AFGHANISTAN)—	Mezar-i-Sharif Afghani primo \$50/kilo—\$2/oz. . . . good Afghani \$35/kilo—\$1/oz. . . . pharmaceutical cocaine \$1000/oz.
KATMANDU (NEPAL)—	Chinese opium (consistent and fine) \$4/oz.—\$40/lb. . . . Nepalese finger hash (excellent) \$2/oz.—\$15-20/lb. . . . Nepalese valley grass \$3/stick (approx. oz.) (very good).
KINGSTON (JAMAICA)—	Ganja (excellent) \$40/lb. . . . Lambsbread (unreal) \$60/lb. . . . bush \$20-30/lb. . . . St. Anne's \$40/lb.
LIMA, (PERU)—	Peruvian pink flake cocaine (beautiful) \$2000/lb. . . . yellow rock cocaine (fine mountain goody) \$1500/lb. . . . brown cocaine (good) \$1500/lb. . . . green Brazilian grass (an Amazon delight) \$40/lb.
LONDON—	Moroccan hashish (dark and fair) \$500/lb.—\$40/oz. . . . LSD (Czech blotter—very clear) \$5/hit . . . African black grass (trippy) \$125/oz. . . . Afghani primo \$60/oz. . . . cocaine (stepped on) \$100/gm. . . . Mandrax (methaqualone) \$.50 apiece.
MADRID—	Moroccan brown hashish (fresh) \$40/oz. . . . Moroccan gold kif \$25/oz.
MARRAKECH—	High mountain hash (with seal) \$100/kilo . . . kif (all flowers) \$35/lz—\$5/oz. . . . market kif (common but still potent) \$25/lb. . . . super hashish (a gooey treat for kings) \$50/lb.
MAZATLAN (MEXICO)—	First cut Guadalajara green (good) \$20/lb. . . . second cut \$15/lb. . . . Oaxacan buds (Mazatec mountain grown) \$25/lb. . . . Yucatan gold (delightful) \$35/lb. . . . Acapulco gold (another disappointing crop) \$20/lb. . . . Mazatlan brown gold (excellent) \$40/oz. . . . Guatemalan green (gentle but unflagging) \$40/lb. . . . Quaaludes \$.10/apiece . . . Mexican brown heroin (pure) \$3000/lb. . . . opium (brown powder) \$50/oz. . . . Columbian rock cocaine \$4000/lb. Oaxacan magic mushrooms (psilocybin packed) \$55/lb.
MELBOURNE (AUSTRALIA)—	Outback Joey grass (surprisingly good) \$75/lb.—\$10/oz. Vietnamese (Mekong mauier) \$125/lb. . . . Nepalese hash \$750/lb. . . . LSD \$10/hit (rare).
MONTREAL—	Moroccan hashish (sheets) \$500/lb. . . . Lebanese blond hash (in cylinders) \$600/lb. . . . Mexican grass (middling) \$250/lb. . . . commercial Colombian (nice head) \$500/lb. . . . LSD (blue domes) \$75/hundred.
MOSCOW—	Tashkent hashish (uninspired but capable) \$500/lb. . . . Siberian albino grass (a grayish specialty from the land of tigers and Exiles) \$400/lb. . . . Czech blotter acid \$10/apiece . . . sugarcube LSD \$7.50 . . . Nepalese hashish (opiated) \$400/lb.
NAIROBI, (KENYA)—	Congoese black grass (excellent and fresh) \$150/lb.—\$25/oz. . . . Kenya bush grass \$50/lb. . . . savannah specialty grass \$55/lb. Yohimbine root (a stimulant) \$1/oz.
PARIS—	Moroccan hash (an Algerian specialty—pale and weak) \$400/lb. . . . \$40/oz. . . . methamphetamine \$20/oz. . . . Pakistani green (crumbly, as in Stockholm—fair) \$35/oz.
RAWALPINDI, (PAKISTAN)—	Green hash bricks \$10/lb . . . dark green hash (superior) \$50/lb. . . . bhang (a cannabis drink) \$.02 a glass.
SAIGON—	Central highlands grass (quality declining) \$10/lb. . . . highlands grass (excellent) \$20/lb. . . . Laotian import grass (excellent) \$20/lb. . . . pure heroin \$20/lb. . . . Mekong valley grass \$15/lb. . . . Burmese opium (the 24 hr. a puff stuff) \$75/lb.
STOCKHOLM—	Moroccan kif (fair) \$425/lb. . . . black Afghani primo \$60/oz. . . . green Paki hashish (crumbly) \$40/lz.
TEL AVIV—	Blond Lebanese (fresh) \$40/lb.—\$5/oz. . . . red Lebanese hash (the border scene is grim) \$50/lb. . . . LSD (Italian) \$2/hit.
VANCOUVER—	Mexican (good) \$200/lb.—\$30/oz. . . . Colombian (top quality) \$500/lb.—\$60/oz. . . . Moroccan hash \$750/lb.—\$60/oz. . . . green Paki (still crumbling even in Canada) \$600/lb. . . . \$50/oz. . . . cocaine (stepped on lightly) \$75/gm. . . . Mexican magic mushrooms (locally grown—very good) \$100/lb.—\$10/oz.
VIENNA—	Afghani (fair) \$500/lb.—\$60/oz. . . . LSD \$3/hit (excellent)

No lecture. No preaching. No, none of that.

Here are facts about drug laws & the system of justice overseas.

If you're traveling to Europe, the Middle East or south of our own border, here are some facts. Because a lot of people have funny ideas about foreign drug laws and justice.

Maybe you've heard possession is okay in some countries. That's wrong. Or maybe you've heard the laws aren't enforced like they are here. That's wrong, too. Really wrong.

The truth is their drug laws are tough. And they enforce them. To the letter.

Mexico, for example, demands a two to nine year sentence for possession of anything. Carrying stuff in or out of the country will put you in jail for six to fifteen years.

There's a 24 year old girl from the United States sitting in a jail outside of Rome right

now. She'll be there for six to ten months waiting for a trial. And after that she can get up to eight years.

In Spain, after you've been sentenced, you can't take your case to a higher court. You're all through. And nobody can get you out.

Those are facts. And there's no way around them. That's why over 900 Americans

are doing time in foreign jails.

Check the countries you'll be visiting. One fact will come through. Loud and clear.

**When you're busted
for drugs over there,
you're in for the hassle
of your life.**

<p>Mexico.</p> <p>Possession, 2 to 9 years plus fine. Trafficking, 5 to 10 years plus fine. Illegal import or export of drugs, 6 to 15 years plus fine. Persons arrested on drug charges can expect a minimum of 6 to 12 months pre-trial confinement.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: Cor. Danubio and Paseo de la Reforma 305 Colonia Cuauhtemoc Mexico City, Mexico Tel. 511-7991</p>	<p>Sweden.</p> <p>Possession or sale, fine and/or up to 6 years.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: Strandvagen 101 Stockholm, Sweden Tel. 63/05/20</p>	<p>Japan.</p> <p>Possession, pre-trial detention, suspended sentence and expulsion. Trafficking, maximum 5 years.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 10-5 Akasaka 1-chrome Minato-Ku, Tokyo Tel. 583-7141</p>	<p>Denmark.</p> <p>Possession, fine and detention up to 2 years.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: Dag Hammarskjolds Alle 24 Copenhagen, Denmark Tel. TR 4305</p>	<p>Bahamas.</p> <p>Possession, 3 months to 1 year.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: Adderly Building Nassau, Bahamas Tel. 21181</p>
<p>Spain.</p> <p>Penalty depends on quantity of drugs involved. Less than 500 grams cannabis, fine and expulsion. More than 500 grams, minimum of 6 years in jail.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: Serrano 75 Madrid, Spain Tel. 276-3400</p>	<p>Greece.</p> <p>Possession, minimum 2 years in jail. Trafficking, maximum 10 years plus fine.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 91 Vasilissis Sophia's Blvd. Athens, Greece Tel. 712951</p>	<p>Lebanon.</p> <p>Possession, 1 to 3 years in prison. Trafficking, 3 to 15 years.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: Corniche at Rue Avy Mreissah, Beirut, Lebanon Tel. 240-800</p>	<p>Turkey.</p> <p>Possession, 3 to 5 years. Trafficking, 10 years to life.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 110 Ataturk Blvd. Ankara, Turkey Tel. 18-62-00</p>	<p>Canada.</p> <p>Possession, jail sentence and expulsion. Trafficking, minimum 7 years, maximum life.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 100 Wellington Street Ottawa, Canada Tel. 236-2341</p>
<p>Italy.</p> <p>Possession: Minimum: 3 years. Maximum: 8 years.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: Via V. Veneto 119 Rome, Italy Tel. 4674</p>	<p>Germany.</p> <p>Possession, jail sentence or fine. Trafficking, maximum 3 years plus fine.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: Mehlemers Avenue 53 Bonn-Bad Godesberg Bonn, Germany Tel. 02229-1955</p>	<p>Jamaica.</p> <p>Possession, prison sentence and fine. Trafficking, maximum 3 years at hard labor.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 43 Duke Street Kingston, Jamaica Tel. 26341</p>	<p>United Kingdom.</p> <p>Possession, use, trafficking: maximum 10 years and heavy fine. Possession of small amount for personal use usually punished by a fine or light imprisonment and expulsion.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 24/31 Grosvenor Square W.1, London, England Tel. 499-9000</p>	<p>France.</p> <p>Possession, use or trafficking: prison term of 3 months to 5 years and fine. Customs Court will also levy heavy fine. Minimum 3 to 4 months pre-trial confinement.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 2 Ave. Gabriel Paris, France Tel. Anjou 6440</p>
<p>Iran.</p> <p>Possession, 6 months to 3 years. Trafficking, first offense 3 to 15 years hard labor and fine. Second offense, fine and up to life at hard labor.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 250 Ave. Taki Jamshid Tehran, Iran Tel. 820091, 825091</p>	<p>Morocco.</p> <p>Possession, 3 months to 3 years and fine.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 2 Ave. de Marrakech Rabat, Morocco Tel. 30361/62</p>	<p>Israel.</p> <p>Possession, heavy fine and expulsion. Trafficking, maximum 10 years and 5,000 Israeli pounds fine.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 71 Hayarkon Street Tel Aviv, Israel Tel. 56171</p>	<p>Netherlands.</p> <p>Possession, fine or 6 months in prison. Trafficking, maximum 4 years.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 102 Lange Voorhout The Hague, Netherlands Tel. 62-49-11</p>	<p>Switzerland.</p> <p>Possession, maximum 2 years or fine. Trafficking, maximum 5 years.</p> <p>U. S. Embassy: 93/95 Jubiläumstrasse Bern, Switzerland Tel. 43 00 11</p>

Why take the time to roll with *two* papers, and lick *twice* for one smoke? With *double-width e-z wider* you roll *one*, lick *once* and you're off! There's no faster easier way to roll your own. And there's no better gummed paper made. So roll with e-z wider and get off on *the double*.



The Curse of the Oval Room



Transmitted by

TIMOTHY LEARY

Illustrated by

YOSSARIAN

High Times Press

The newest book by Timothy Leary. Illustrated by Yossarian, one of America's great underground artists. Leary writes about the busting of Millbrook by G. Gordon Liddy, governmental voyeurism, Woodstock and Watergate, the legal system, secrecy, the fall of representative government, the return of individual sovereignty, and the dreaded Curse of the Oval Room.

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